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FEBRUARY 27, 1968

William F. Buckley Jr.
on Vietnam and Politics

NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Kremlin's Undiminished Appetite
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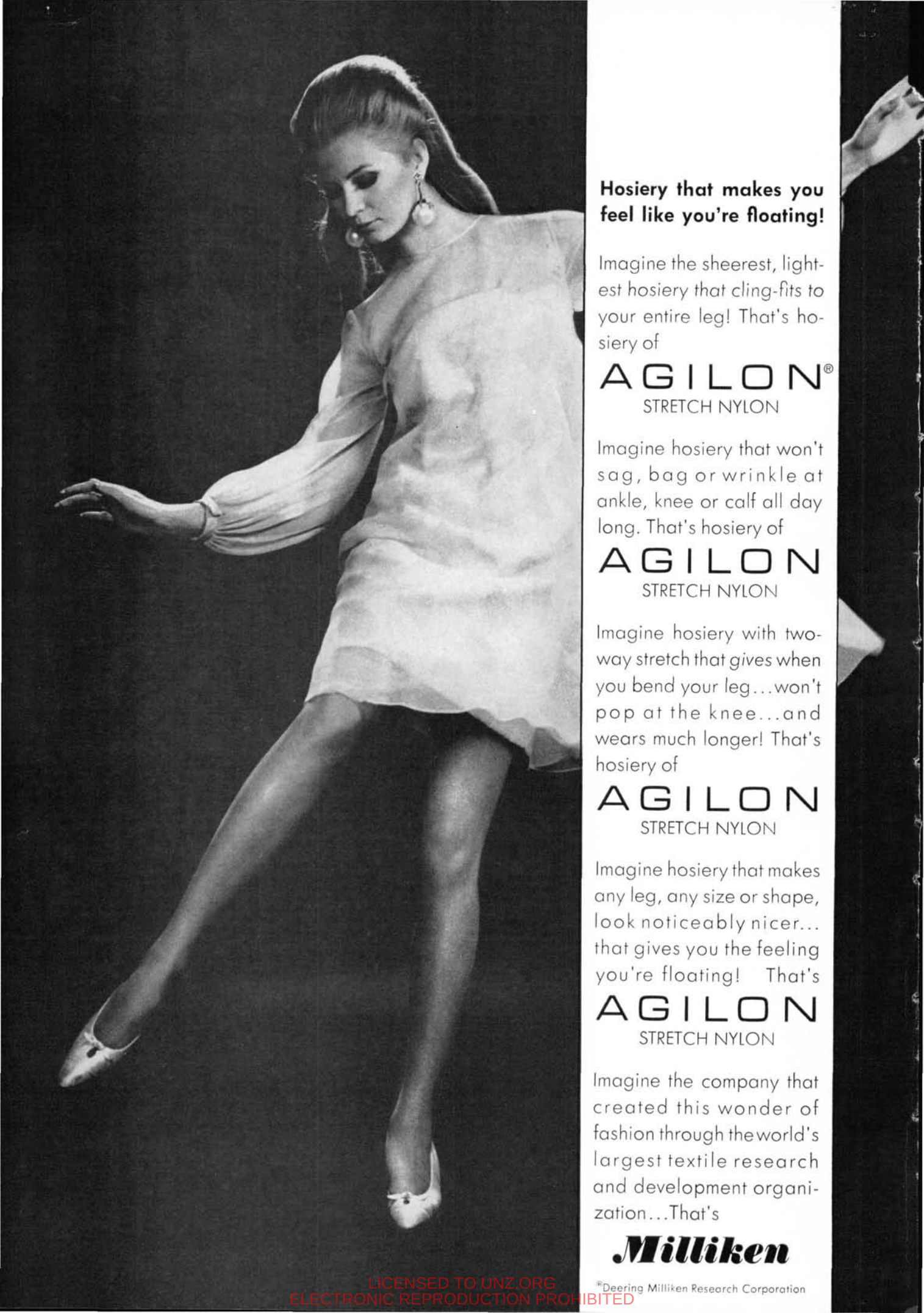

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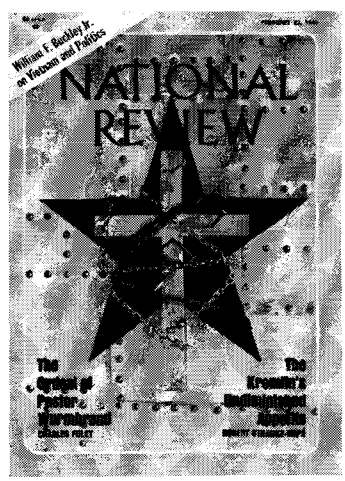
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ The cold war, or, as it may otherwise be known, the Strategy of the Indirect Approach, is Communism's chosen method of conquest. Because it does not resemble other wars, avoiding massive confrontations and opting for the peaceable surrender of the free nations rather than their military defeat, not a few people have persuaded themselves that a) it does not exist, or b) if it does exist it's our fault. **Robert Strausz-Hupe,** the director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, rejects these findings. The cold war is real, he says, and will not end so long as Communists are Communists. . . . To Pastor Wurmbrand, veteran of Communist prisons in Rumania, the cold war is all too real. His harrowing testimony is taken by **Charles Foley,** who as "Tom Sage" has written extensively for this magazine on a number of celebrated persons. His report on Padre Pio appeared in our last issue. . . . **L. M. Taubinger,** who covers Soviet affairs from Vienna, takes note of stepped-up Soviet naval activity in the Mediterranean; that recently abandoned French fortress at Mers-el-Kébir looks like the reason for it all. . . . **Colm Brogan,** the scourge of Whitehall, writes about the men (and women) around Harold Wilson. . . . Sir **Arnold Lunn** is the author of innumerable books and essays on politics, religion and sport. A mountaineer and skier of great renown, he is the inventor of the modern Slalom, which event was again a highlight of the winter Olympics just concluded. Here, he reminisces about a great but decidedly non-athletic friend, Evelyn Waugh.



➔ That book about how, and with whom, Norman Podhoretz Made It receives the scrutiny of **James Burnham.** If you don't read *Commentary, Partisan Review,* the *New Yorker, Dissent* or the *New York Review of Books,* you probably don't know who Podhoretz is, but then, as Burnham points out, he probably doesn't know who you are, either. . . . **Israel M. Kirzner,** Professor of Economics at New York University, reviews perhaps the most comprehensive book available on the most spectacular of monetary crises, Rueff's *Balance of Payments.* . . . **Hugh Kenner** is Professor of English at the Santa Barbara division of the University of California. His latest book, *The Counterfeiters,* was reviewed last issue. . . . The *Time* cover story on Swinging London has been blown up into a book by its main researcher. **Anthony Lejeune,** our correspondent from Sagging London, sends his regrets . . . **Priscilla L. Buckley** wishes about four hours had been cut out of the movie *Camelot* but there are one or two brief shining moments nonetheless.

➔ By popular demand we resume On the Right, in a new format. For the reasons behind the switch see the editor's Notes & Asides, page 177. ➔

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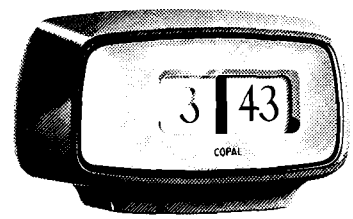

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LETTERS

Marijuana and the Law

Concerning the debate on pot between Messrs Gollan and Mount [NR, Jan. 30], it would appear that both men have, to a greater or lesser degree, missed the boat.

1) Mr. Gollan, as well as any others of like opinion, can logically argue for lesser penalties only as temporary measures, pending the outcome of further research. Should marijuana be found to be no more harmful than alcohol, corresponding laws should be established (driving under the influence, etc.). If more dangerous, appropriately stringent measures should be taken. To leave the penalty a misdemeanor in the light of findings that marijuana is, at most, comparable to alcohol, would only continue the disrespect of the laws.

2) Mr. Mount, I fear, has erred to a far greater extent. I base this estimation on my current experience as a college student, as well as my personal philosophy. By pooh-poohing the opinions of the favorable findings he invariably places himself in a class with what the average reasonable college student considers to be the middle-aged, stodgy members of the "whisky" generation. Also, one might take issue with his definition of the legitimate realm of "public" health. To any of my way of thinking, a definite correlation between marijuana use and subsequent actions involving others would have to be made before there is any right of legal proscription (again, I might suggest restrictions on public usage and the operation of motor vehicles). The idea of regulating something which is harmful only to the user is personally repugnant.

Finally, thank you for an intelligent discussion of the subject. Mr. Gollan's point is well taken that this problem transcends political divisions. And, by the way, the active ingredient in marijuana has been synthesized. Therefore, some "grass" is not really grass and is, hence, *legal*.

Los Angeles, Cal. KEITH H. TOEPFER

Congratulations for printing Mr. Gollan's balanced and well-researched article, "The Great Marijuana Problem." I have been for some time both conservative and unable to share many conservatives' alarm over the danger of pot. And it's comforting to learn I'm not alone. It's always a pleasure to confound my "liberal" friends with such evidence of NATIONAL REVIEW's *genuine* liberalism.

St. Petersburg, Fla. RICHARD F. HILL

The marijuana champion, Antoni Gollan, conveniently omits evidence from sources he otherwise cites, namely a 1967 paper from NIMH Addiction Research Center in Lexington, Kentucky, by Dr. Harris Isbell, an international authority on narcotics, et al.

The following effects of tetrahydrocannabinol (which is the main active ingredient of marijuana) were observed by Dr. Isbell and his group of researchers:

"Changes in mood, usually euphoric, were consistently reported. Other changes included alterations in sense of time and in visual and auditory perception (usually described as keener). With doses of 300 - 480mcg/kg orally or 200 - 250 mcg/kg by smoking, *marked distortion in visual and auditory perception, depersonalization, derealization and hallucinations, both auditory and optical, occurred in most patients.* THC, therefore, is *a psychotomimetic drug* and its psychotomimetic effects are dependent on dose" (my emphasis).

Silver Spring, Md. LESZEK OCHOTA M.D.

I read "The Great Marijuana Problem" with a special interest when I noticed the fact that Mr. Gollan is a former national board member of Young Americans for Freedom. Although I am in full agreement with the gentleman's thesis that pot should be legalized, I must take exception to his statement that "a lot of water . . . has passed over the dam" since a YAF chapter was denounced for urging repeal of the marijuana laws. Apparently this has amounted to but a trickle as a Michigan YAF resolution to that effect was invalidated by the national leadership and I was removed from the position of Michigan Vice Chairman for urging same. Pot roast, anyone?

Detroit, Mich. WAYNE D. ROOKS
Wayne State Law School '70

. . . I enjoyed the articles because they presented both sides of the case. Most other magazines would only present one side and downgrade the other. NATIONAL REVIEW has always proved to be an exceptional magazine. My compliments.

New York, N.Y. ROBERT L. BURROWS

I was arrested in Salt Lake City for possession and sales of cannabis sativa in October 1967, and am awaiting trial. I stand to pull about the same amount of time that a man would serve for armed robbery and to me this doesn't

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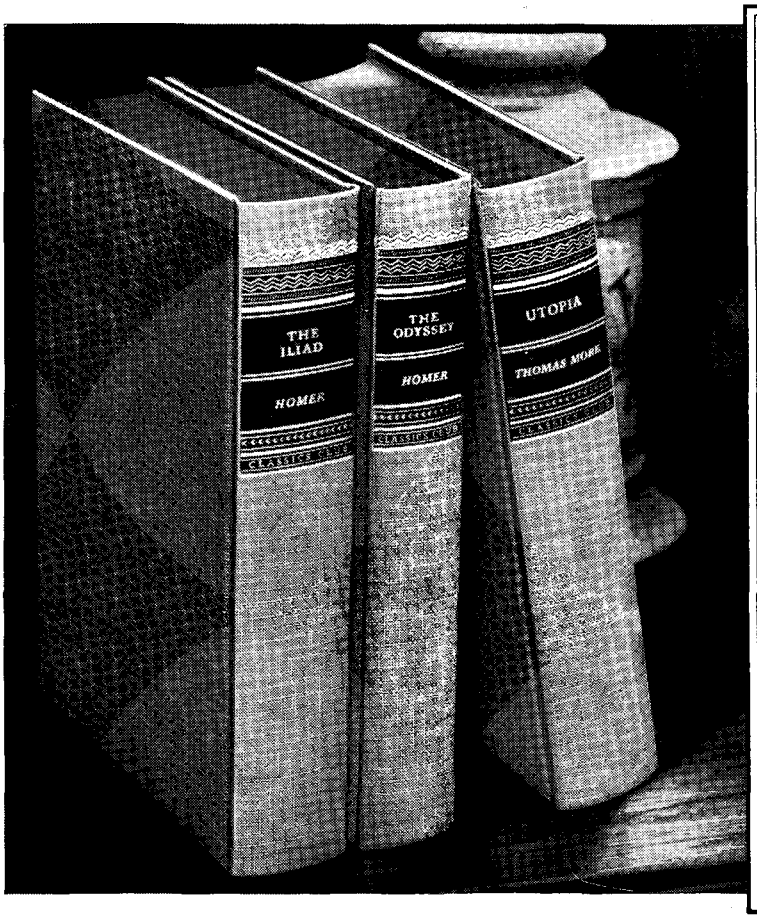

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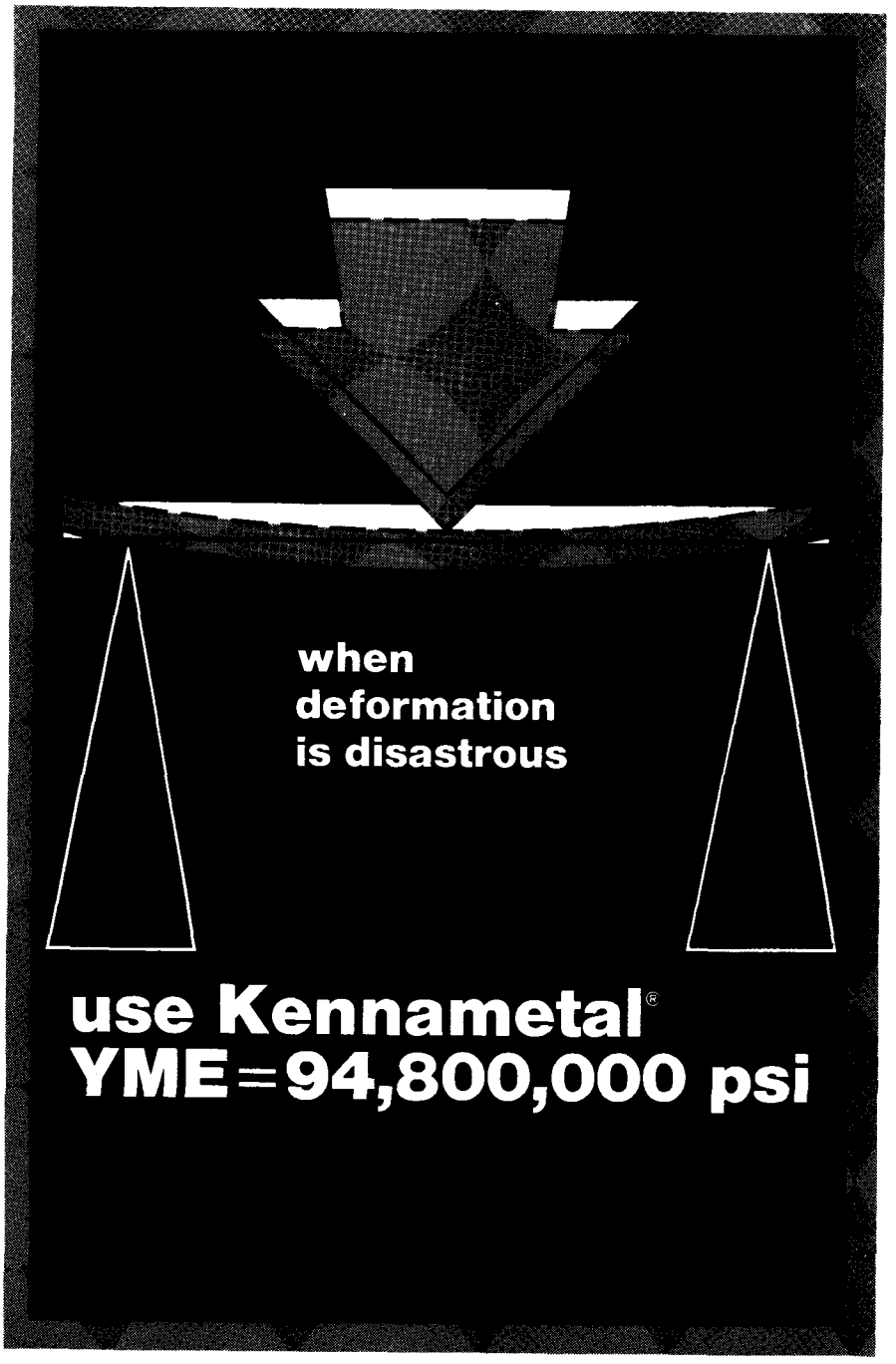

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seem fair at all. Maybe one day the people who would rather smoke than drink to relax may be able to do so without becoming criminals for it. More people like Antoni Gollan, and I am sure it will happen in the near future.

Kansas City, Mo. KERRY R. BLUMER

. . . The New Left has had too great a monopoly on this important issue. It is time that those who understand the psychologically therapeutic effects of this relatively inoffensive drug have somebody other than Allen Ginsberg to look to for support.

Somerville, Mass.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

The article by Antoni Gollan on marijuana was a feather in NATIONAL REVIEW's cap. You made a mistake, however, in calling Mr. Mount's companion article "pragmatic"—it is authoritarian. I have never heard of a pot-smoker wanting to put a whisky-drinker in prison.

San Francisco, Cal. MRS. MARY TYLER

Okay, so legalize pot—but like booze, I say, if you can't handle it, leave it alone. The hazard of using reefers, as in the use of alcohol, is not so much in what it does to the user, but what it does to OTHERS.

The marijuana smoker who breaks out into non-stop fits of uncontrollable laughter and giggles is a worse public menace than ten loud-mouthed drunks. If you've ever had the experience of having a meal, your thoughts, or a conversation ruined by the sudden appearance of a group of potheads at a nearby restaurant table shrieking and yakking it up, you'll be a long time getting over it.

New York, N.Y. GEORGE LEVINE

Sticking Up for de Gaulle

It is disappointing to see NATIONAL REVIEW fall into the rut of routinely printing anti-French pieces which contain much innuendo and many half-truths. One might expect to read in the *New York Times* such a statement as ". . . de Gaulle might well reflect on how the French determination to screw the last ounce of gold out of the defeated Germans after World War I laid the foundations of bitterness for World War II. . . ." Really.

When the United States failed to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, and then joined with Britain in the financial shenanigans that made possible the rebuilding of the German war machine, France became the first nation to suffer the consequences of modern American liberalism. It is no wonder that today, France prefers her *force de frappe*, in spite of our sneers. And it certainly is no tax on the imagination to observe that much of recent French policy could have been

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based on the advice implied by comment appearing in NATIONAL REVIEW over the years.

New York, N.Y. WM. N. BONHAM

The Minimum Wage

It was with a great deal of interest that I read Mr. Gregory W. Govan's letter in the January 16 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Speaking of the Fair Labor Standards Act, Mr. Govan said: "I just read that the California cotton-growers are objecting to the $1.00 per hour they have to pay all their employees. . . . At these rates I am afraid I cannot share your sympathy for the difficulties imposed on the rural areas by minimum wage legislation. Free enterprise even in rural America should accept some social responsibilities along with its special privileges and in some areas, government subsidies."

I don't have the slightest idea about how they grow cotton in California. Perhaps the California cotton-growers' objections are unreasonable and all they have in mind is squeezing another dime out of the poor downtrodden farm workers. I *just don't know one way or the* other.

But I wish Mr. Govan would keep this in mind; I live in Florida, I grow potatoes and cabbage, and these same laws affect me.

In Florida, the end result of the minimum wage law will be to destroy the small farmer. Not all farmers, mind you; the larger ones will be able to substitute machines for men and keep going. But the small farmer, the one who owns his own land and gets his hands dirty farming it, will slowly disappear. I don't think Mr. Govan realizes what a small margin of profit most farms operate on. Most farmers in my area would be richer today if they had kept their money in the bank at 4 per cent instead of trying to grow a crop the past few years.

Labor is the biggest single expense in farming. An increase in wages from 80¢ to $1.00 an hour (which is what the Fair Labor Standards Act meant to us) is only 20¢ an hour, and seems insignificant, but what other American industry could experience a 25 per cent increase in their largest single expense and not raise the price of their finished product?

The price of potatoes has remained approximately the same for the past twenty years. What else can you say that about?

If it is the intent of the Federal Government to drive a farmer out of business, wouldn't it be more humane to pass a law taking his farm away from him in one relatively painless operation, than to deprive him of it slowly over a period of several years—each, as I said before, of hard work?

East Palatka, Fla. DAVID B. GRAY

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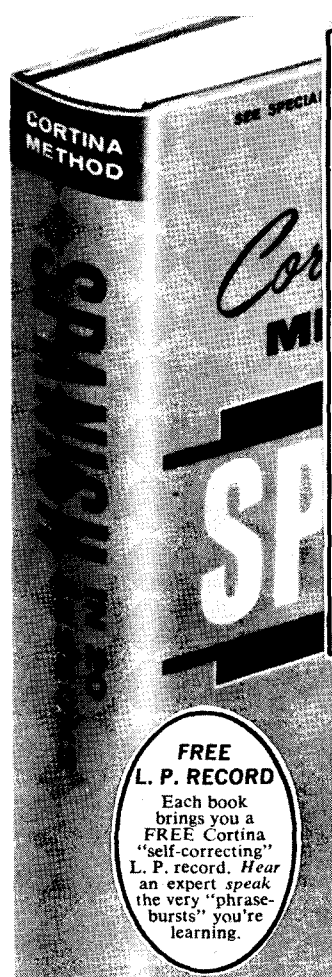

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The WEEK

● *Albany, Feb. 12 — The Assembly, overriding Republican protests, voted today to require public schools in the state to hold memorial services each year on the birthday of John F. Kennedy, May 29.* Well, so long as they don't pray, it's legal. Pray to God, that is.

● Messrs. Spock, Coffin & Co. should thank their lucky stars they weren't indicted under an earlier Administration for their anti-recruitment agitation. Said an earlier President:

> He who dissuades one man from volunteering or induces one soldier to desert, weakens the Union cause as much as he who kills a Union soldier in battle. . . . Must I shoot a . . . soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? This is none the less injurious when effected by getting a father or brother, or friend, into a public meeting, and there working upon his feelings, till he is persuaded to write to the soldier boy, that he is fighting in a bad cause, for a wicked administration of a contemptible government, too weak to arrest and punish him if he shall desert. I think that in such a case, to silence the agitator, and save the boy, is not only constitutional but, withal, a great mercy.

So said Abraham Lincoln.

● If the current draft law is implemented, there will be no able-bodied males in many first and second-year graduate classes next fall. The educators don't like the law: they need these graduate students to teach the undergrads. The President doesn't like it: he does not need embittered students fomenting anti-draft riots just before the election. And the Defense Department doesn't like it either: it wants malleable eighteen-year-olds for military service, not recalcitrant university men. This last consideration in particular may induce Congress to revise the law—which Congress wrote last year to flush out those draft dodgers hiding in the groves of academe.

● Candidate Richard Nixon, who feints right and left with the aplomb of a Green Bay Packer halfback, is now playing footsie with the Ripon Society, Harvard's bastion of liberal Republicanism. The February issue of *Battle Line*, newsmonthly of the American Conservative Union, reports that some unnamed Nixon backers have paid the Ripon staff to submit "research papers" to the Nixon for President Committee. A Nixon spokesman told *Battle Line* that the contract had been made, Nixonically, without either the approval or disapproval of the candidate himself.

● Mr. George C. Wallace of Alabama has officially announced his candidacy for the Presidency on a third-party ticket. He made it clear that he hopes to shunt the Presidential decision into the House of Representatives (cf. the Constitution), where he can release his pivotal bloc of votes in return for the say-so on the next two appointees to the Supreme Court.

● A letter written in 1966 by a Ukrainian intellectual recounting KGB methods of "interrogation without sleep, electronic eavesdropping, threats, blackmail, humiliation and, where necessary, force" has been published in the *Times* of London. "The men mentioned in [the letter] are, like the author, imprisoned," reports the *Times*. "They have been sent to the freezing labor camps of the Mordvinian Republic, along with Sinyavsky, Daniel, Gerald Brooke —and probably Yuri Galanskov and Aleksandr Ginzburg, whose punishment was pronounced last month." From those camps come letters from two inmates, dated 1966 and 1967, also published by the *Times*: "The great majority of the prisoners are on semi-starvation rations. Theoretically we are to receive 2,300-2,400 calories daily, but we are lucky if we get 1,500 because the products are of low quality . . . the herring is rotten and smelly. The dried potatoes, macaroni, barley and wheat are infested with worms. We are forced to fulfill our work quota 100 per cent. At the type of jobs we do we use up 3,500 to 4,000 calories. Try to survive on that if you can!" ". . . The so-called hospital contained only seven beds to accommodate 225 invalids, most of them seriously ill and quite old. There are no drugs and the prisoners are not allowed to receive any from their families—not even vitamins . . ." etc. These are the evils, it need hardly be added, that we have been told were eliminated with the death of Stalin; surely it takes a kind of super-Stalinism to perpetuate a lie like this.

● The National Federation of Independent Business, representing 243,000 small businesses, recently polled its members concerning H.R. 10952, the bill introduced by Rep. Jackson Betts (R., Ohio) which provides for *voluntary* responses to the sociological (how many bathrooms?) survey conducted by the Census Bureau. The response was amazingly solid: 83 per cent in favor.

● Mata-Hari-married-a-biochemist-from-Hoboken department: *Izvestia* has just scooped the world with the inside story of why Soviet scientists really defect to the U.S. Nothing to do with freedom or even money. They are apparently lured away at those rollicking scientific congresses by the luscious wives of their American colleagues and then delivered,

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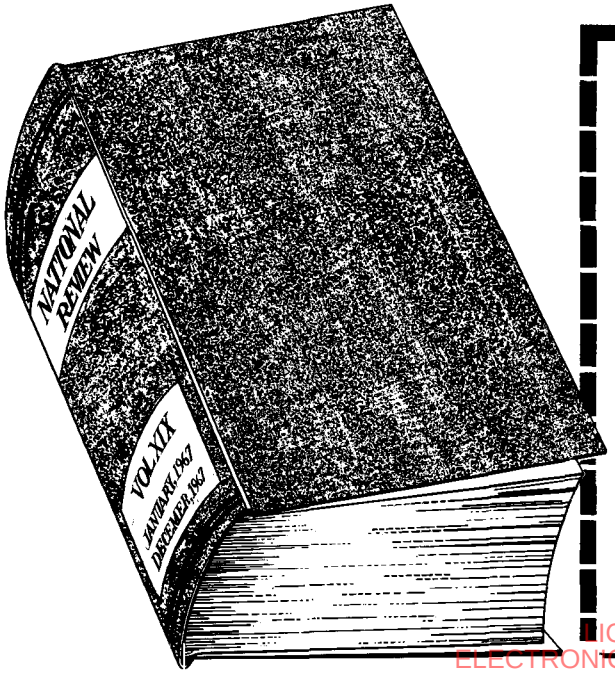

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This contest is open to all.*

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Assuming the date of Dec. 31, 1968, mark the following statements as True or False by putting an X in the appropriate box:

	TRUE	FALSE
1. Lyndon Johnson was re-elected President of the U.S.	☐	☐
2. The Dow Jones industrial average is above 1,000.	☐	☐
3. H. Rap Brown is in jail.	☐	☐
4. Charles de Gaulle is no longer President of France.	☐	☐
5. The official price of gold as offered by the U.S. Treasury is still $35 an ounce.	☐	☐
6. In baseball the winner of the National League pennant won the World Series.	☐	☐
7. Jacob Javits won re-election to the U.S. Senate.	☐	☐
8. There are fewer U.S. soldiers in Vietnam than a year ago.	☐	☐
9. Hugo Black is no longer on the U.S. Supreme Court.	☐	☐
10. The nuclear nonproliferation treaty was approved by the U.S. Senate.	☐	☐
11. Mao Tse-tung is dead.	☐	☐
12. The British pound was devalued below the $2.40 rate set in 1967.	☐	☐
13. Israel still controls the east bank of the Suez Canal.	☐	☐
14. Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta is dead.	☐	☐
15. A British General Election was held in 1968.	☐	☐
16. The Anglo-French **Concorde** jet project is canceled.	☐	☐
17. The U.S. budget deficit for fiscal 1967/68 was more than $25 billion.	☐	☐
18. Paul VI is no longer Pope.	☐	☐
19. Richard Nixon was nominated for President by the 1968 GOP Convention.	☐	☐
20. Dean Rusk is no longer Secretary of State.	☐	☐
21. A General Election was held in India in 1968.	☐	☐
22. Barry Goldwater won election to the Senate by more than a 3 to 2 majority.	☐	☐
23. The winner of the Kentucky Derby paid more than $10 for a $2 ticket.	☐	☐
24. In the November election the GOP increased its representation in the House by more than 50 seats.	☐	☐
25. Wm. F. Buckley Jr. ran for political office in 1968.	☐	☐
SPECIAL BONUS QUESTION:		
26. Drew Pearson was horsewhipped in 1968.	☐	☐

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presumably bound hand and foot, to the CIA. That's American know-how for you.

● John D. Rockefeller IV—that's Nelson's and Winthrop's nephew John D.—now in the West Virginia legislature and earlier, when he first located there, a VISTA worker, is running for Secretary of State. Then on, presumably, to the governorship. Nelson has New York and Winthrop, Arkansas—but they're Republicans. John is a Democrat. Thought you'd catch us, didn't you.

● Why does the American Communist Party not join the New Left in its campaign for the legalization of marijuana? Because, according to a party spokesman, "some of our organizers hang pictures by Norman Rockwell on their walls." There's no square like a Red Square, and no snob like a highbrow Marxist.

● Patrolman Dan Mahoney got tired of the flag-trampling peaceniks one day and came up with the idea of flying the American flag from the radio antenna on his car. He handed a few antenna flags to his friends; they spread the word; within a few months he had distributed more than 65,000 flags; and the thing keeps growing. Mr. Mahoney's address is Box 1025, Long Island City, New York 11101.

● Frustration Department, Gonad Division: A Harvard sophomore, inspirited by a *Playboy* spread on Berkeley's Sexual Freedom League, has decided to open a Cambridge chapter. Trouble is, at last week's get-acquainted meeting, only fifteen eager bodies showed up, and all were male. The founder reluctantly called for adjournment—"That's just not the type of sexual freedom I had in mind"—but promised to keep trying. "In the near future," he said, "I hope we will be able to attract others, specifically girls."

Punch Ben Roth Agency

"Think of the artists, the poets, the writers it takes to mine this stuff."

In the Next Issue

South Africa, Israel, Hypocrisy

by Nathaniel Weyl and Hodding Carter

Political Notes

1. Republican

On February 13 Mr. **Howard Stassen** announced the kickoff of his campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination. He said he had been thinking much about politics in recent years, and would offer new programs to the people. He said his campaign organization is knitting together rapidly, and he looks towards making a significant contribution.

Charles Percy continues the strategy he was forced to choose last year: to break all visible connection with any road that might lead to national office, while maintaining an image of national proportions. Percy recently conferred privately with Richard Helms, the director of the CIA.

Richard Nixon appears to have given up a promising law practice to devote himself entirely to politics this year. He has formally announced his Presidential intentions and is campaigning hard. The polls show him to be stronger than any other candidate among GOP professionals. Nixon admits he'll have to add a string of primary victories in order to cop the nomination. At the moment Nixon is fashioning an ambiguous position on Vietnam. It brings cheers.

George Romney is Nixon's most visible rival at the moment, and few doubt that Romney will drop out of sight the minute Nelson Rockefeller withdraws his support. Rockefeller is using Romney as a stalking-horse.

Nelson Rockefeller figures he can't lose with Romney. If Romney wins the primaries, Rockefeller wins with him. If Romney loses, at least the primaries (with their insane imponderables) are done with, and Rockefeller can then emerge as the real candidate. The pressure from the liberals, however, is mounting

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The fact is, the *book alone* is worth the entire price (yet you get it entirely FREE with this special offer). There is no more electrifying personality on the American scene today than Reagan—the man who reversed the political odds in his California gubernatorial election to beat his Democratic opponent by a million-vote landslide.

One way or another, Ronald Reagan is going to have an enormous influence on what happens at the Republican national convention this summer in Miami—he could very well walk off with the top prize (and even Nelson Rockefeller, that scourge of Republican conservatives, longs to have Reagan as his vice-presidential running-mate—provided Rocky can overcome the bitter conservative opposition to his own nomination for the ticket's top spot).

Projects Impressive Image

In this age of mass communications, Reagan seems able to project an image as impressive and varied as his own career: the small-town boy who goes from local football hero to radio sports announcer, the handsome movie-star who becomes a top Hollywood Liberal (with ADA membership) in the Commie-ridden post-war years; the "washed-up" actor who carves out a new career in TV and the business world; the "amateur" politician whose grasp of the vital issues brings him a smashing victory in our largest state—and a formidable nationwide reputation!

It's all here—the whole incredible story—in this fast-reading and powerful book by Lee Edwards (son of the famous *Chicago Tribune* correspondent, Willard Edwards), one of the brightest—and most perceptive—young men on the Washington political scene today.

Although Edwards is frankly impressed by Reagan and his accomplishments, this is no "authorized" biography: it is based on many months of hard digging into the facts—interviews with the people (including Reagan himself) who know the truth *behind* the public record—and shrewd insights into the workings of American politics and the ingredients that produce a *winner*. Here is just a small part of what you will find in this book:

- Reagan's family...coming up the hard way...his job as a 35¢ an hour construction worker
- How he financed his own college education
- His leadership in the famous strike against Eureka College
- How Reagan first got interested in show business
- Reagan as radio announcer—the "Voice of the Chicago Cubs"
- How his father fought with New Deal Welfare bureaucrats
- How Reagan managed to get into World War II in spite of his poor eyesight

The Hollywood Years

- His movie career...how to beat Hollywood at the waiting game..."Brother Rat," what he had to do to get the role he wanted
- Pearl Harbor...trials of a Hollywood star in the Army...service at Fort Roach, the wackiest post in the Army
- Reagan's own part in knocking out Nazi V-2 rockets...the amazing development that enabled our bombers to pinpoint targets in Japan
- His first-hand experience with Civil Service bureaucrats

Reagan the Liberal

- Campaigning for Harry Truman...Why he joined Americans for Democratic Action and the United World Federalists
- The night he added a denunciation of Communism to his standard anti-Fascist speech—and the startling result that changed Reagan's life!
- Reagan the Union Official: the "one man Battalion" fighting Hollywood's Communists
- His administrative ability as Chairman of Motion Picture Industry Council

Reagan the Anti-Communist

- The House Committee on Un-American Activities...testimony on Communist infiltration of Hollywood...why he refused to attend the party for Nikita Khrushchev
- The end of his movie career...on to Television and the G.E. Theater
- The invaluable experience in politics Reagan gained before the TV cameras and at the grass roots level
- How THE SPEECH evolved
- His *formal* conversion to Republicanism: how it came about...campaigning for Nixon
- The '62 campaign: Reagan and the John Birch Society
- Reagan campaigns hard for Goldwater in '64
- The night he made THE SPEECH—and the incredible result

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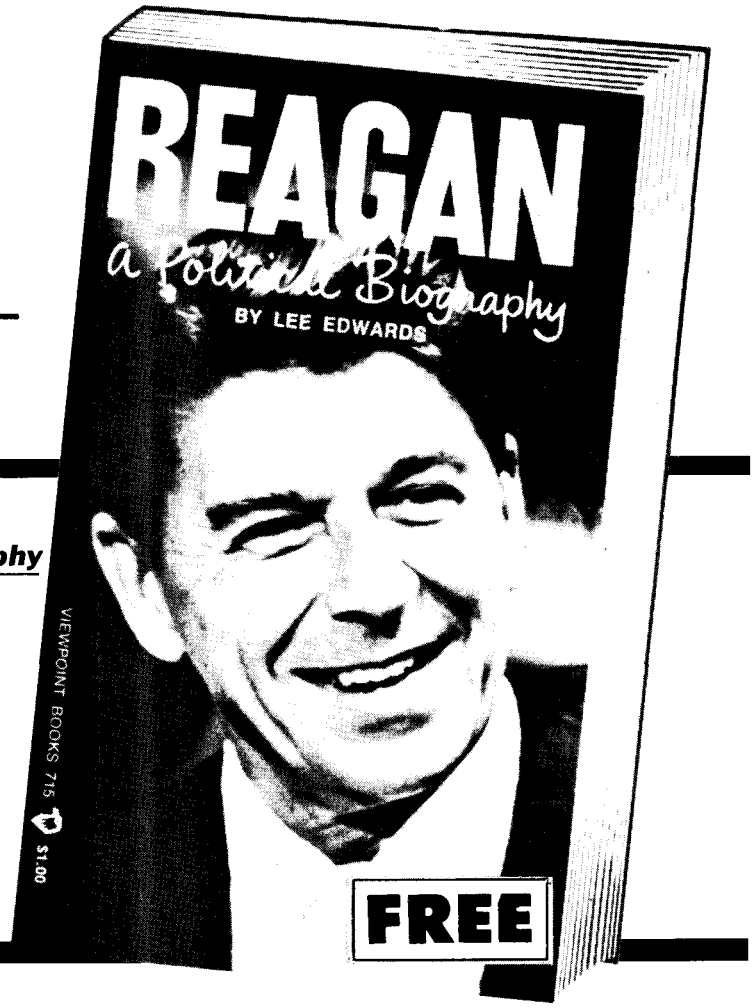

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- The great experiment: *can* government be run by the people?

Reagan for President?

- The significance of the special election in San Francisco...his TV appearance with Bobbie Kennedy...what the papers are saying about Reagan today
- A Johnson vs. Reagan campaign: would they meet on TV?

LEE EDWARDS

About the author..

Lee Edwards, when not running his highly successful public relations firm in Washington, contributes articles and reviews for many American publications, including National Review and Triumph magazine. He was Press Secretary to former Senator John Marshall Butler of Maryland, and later Deputy Director of Public Relations for the Republic National Committee, and worked in Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential campaign.

In 1965 he co-authored "Behind the Civil Rights Mask," an examination of the leading Civil Rights leaders, and expects to bring out his third book, "You Can Make the Difference," early next year.

Mr. Edwards, who is the son of famous Chicago Tribune Reporter Willard Edwards, is a graduate of Duke University and Paris' Sorbonne.

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at a dizzy rate; they want Rockefeller to come out into the open, because they think he is one Republican whom the anti-Johnson Democrats (and they) could swallow, and who could possibly beat Johnson. Rockefeller, by unduly prolonging an obvious political maneuver, may wear out the patience of his new friends. It's too early to say whether Rockefeller's "Garbage Politics" (see editorial) will help. He is coming up in the polls.

2. Democratic

Senator **Eugene McCarthy**'s quixotic candidacy finally got the approval of the ADA (65 to 47) but that only brought new trouble. Leon Keyserling, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, resigned from the ADA. So did Rep. Henry Gonzalez, a Johnson Democrat from San Antonio. So also Dr. Paul Seabury, former chairman of the ADA's National Executive Committee. So also John Roche, former national chairman of ADA, and now President Johnson's court scholar. Among those ADAers who endorsed McCarthy were Kennedy appointees Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Richard Goodwin. The resolution supporting McCarthy was drafted by John Kenneth Galbraith.

Kennedy family interests were, therefore, deeply involved in the anti-Johnson maneuver of ADA. Almost simultaneously, a New York group called Citizens for Kennedy in 1968 announced that it would work for the McCarthy campaign in New Hampshire and elsewhere. A New Hampshire pro-Kennedy group announced that it had withdrawn its support of Kennedy, at the request of Senator Bob, and would henceforth support Senator McCarthy. All of which makes Eugene McCarthy the Romney of the Kennedy forces. There are shadows within shadows.

Crest or Gulf?

The *Economist* (London) is the most influential magazine in the English-speaking world, and probably also the most serious and best-informed in analysis of public affairs and comment thereon. It was founded 125 years ago as an organ of classical nineteenth-century liberalism, but in late years has shifted to a less strictly defined moderate and pragmatic position that would sometimes be judged rather left-liberal in an American context. The lead article in the *Economist*'s 3-9 February issue, written two or three days after the start of General Giap's counter-city offensive, is entitled "This Is It," and asserts:

"General Giap has set it rolling. This is the big battle, at last. Beautifully synchronized, and timed for the middle of the truce, the action he opened this week should settle the Vietnam war one way or the other. . . . General Giap is remarkably like another great tactical commander: Erwin Rommel. But he may resemble Rommel in another way too Rommel in northwest Europe in 1944 was a master-tactician trying to cope with what he knew was in the long run a strategically hopeless situation. The more one looks at the offensive General Giap has been running since the autumn, and which led to the attacks on the towns this week, the more it looks as if its real aim is not a military one at all. Its aim is political: if possible, to shake American public opinion into electing a peace-making President in November; failing that, to get negotiations going on relatively favorable terms before the Americans' firepower eats deeper and deeper into the Communists' hold of the back-country. . . . It is an attempt to force a settlement before it is too late. . . . It is up to the soldiers. If the allies cannot reassert their control over Saigon and the other big towns, the Americans will have to negotiate their way on to the troopships. But if they hold the towns, and stop Giap at Khesanh, they will have won the upper hand in the war, and the peace talks."

Advice from Pollyana about Vietnam is the last thing this country needs—there are enough of her sisters, God knows, speaking regularly from the White House and Pentagon. But this doesn't mean we should listen only to the Cassandra-doves who have been flooding us with wailing since Giap struck on January 31. Our tactical intelligence was faulty—obviously—as well as our prior estimate of the enemy's capability. The destruction accomplished by the enemy is severe and painful. But so far we and our allies have held the essential positions, and beaten him back. He failed above all in what was for him the crucial expectation—that his attack would trigger a general uprising and a total collapse of the South Vietnamese Army. His timing of the massive operation was wrong by his own doctrine of protracted warfare, and therefore all the more disintegrating in effect from the failure to achieve his specific objectives. The *Economist*'s analysis may be overly optimistic, especially in the suggested implication of a rapid time-scale. But it is a good deal more grounded in history, logic and fact than is Bobby Kennedy's.

Garbage Politics

The garbage strike said it plain enough for every nose: the condition of New York City smells to high Heaven. And the worst stench of all arose from the two ex officio chief garbagemen playing their obscene political games on those rotting mounds of swill. His boyish Honor, Mayor John Lindsay, well versed in capitulation by his stirring prior surrenders to the transit workers and the teachers' union, having already committed himself to a minimum settlement big enough to make an elephant's mouth water,

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pouted, bleated and moaned abstractions and bared his haggard visage to passing cameramen while the filth rose toward third-floor level. The Mayor has a well established method of handling these piratical raids by the municipal unions: he always capitulates in the end, but not until the citizens have been disciplined by a painful shutdown of essential services accompanied by heroic mayoral rhetoric. Since he is going to capitulate anyway, a growing number of citizens wonder why he doesn't spare them the cost of the strike added to the cost of his settlement.

New York State's Governor had held aloof while the city's subways and buses ground to a halt and its schools shut their doors, but the garbage proved irresistible. Sniffing what he took to be ripe political odors, non-candidate Nelson Rockefeller emerged from his Albany tent to teach the Mayor how an old hand capitulates to monopoly unions: immediately and totally, with jutted jaw and toothy smile, not after a week or two of strike and bleating.

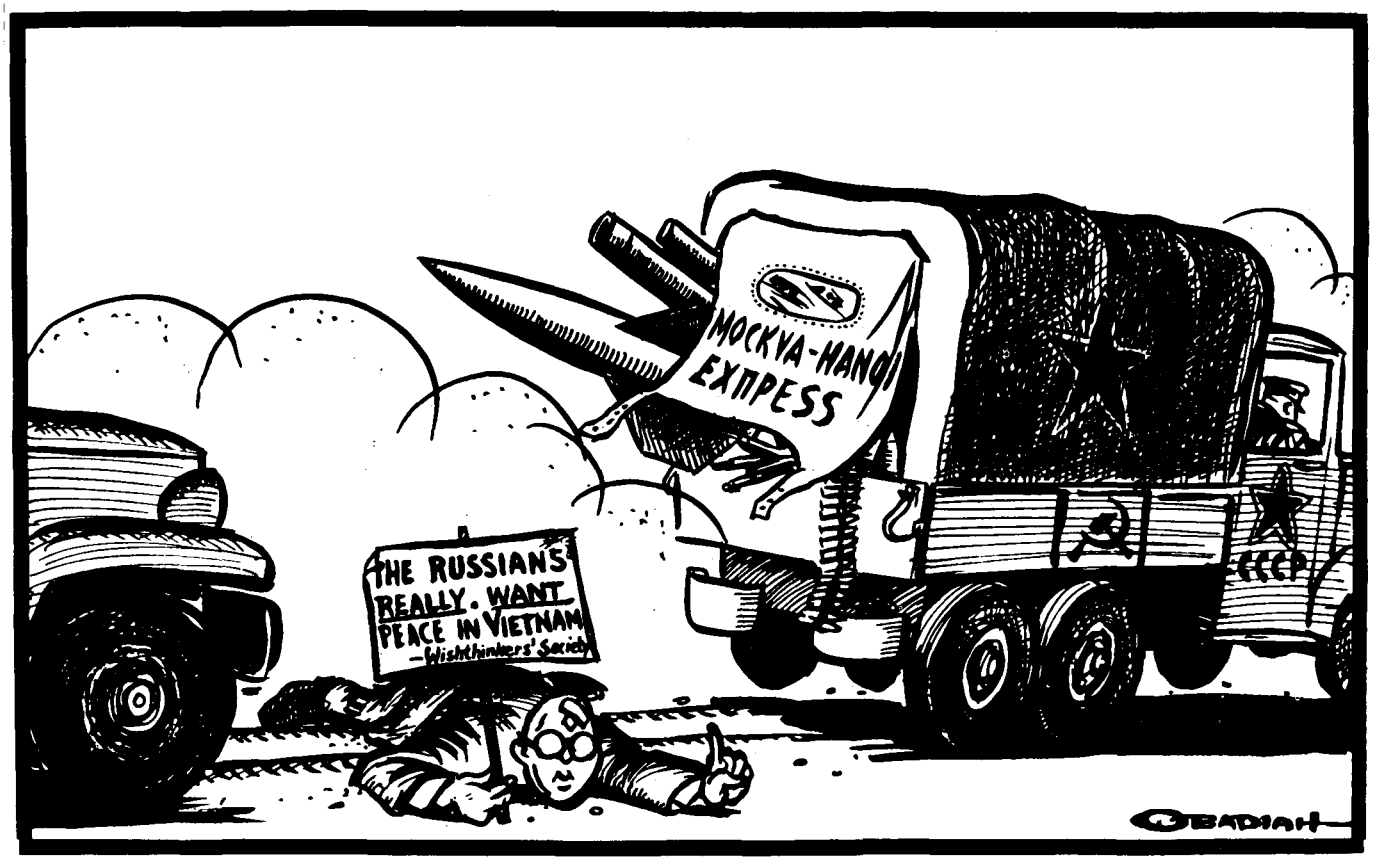
We'll bet a hundred Swiss francs to a rotting grapefruit rind that there were 50,000 New York City living rooms last week where the evening's conversation began something like, "Well, honey, I think when the lease is up we'd better clear out of this garbage dump," and a thousand offices where the boss asked, "Where's that option we took on that acreage in Podunk?—and check how the penalty clause reads on giving up this building." While its political mountebanks grin and grimace for TV, New York City agonizes *in extremis*. It is dying, and its elected leaders lack either the wisdom to diagnose its diseases or the courage to begin the cure.

Tax on Travel?

By now everyone knows the general outline of Secretary Fowler's proposal to slap a load of new taxes on American citizens who undertake to travel abroad. Before getting fired, as rumor says he soon may be, Mr. Fowler is apparently anxious to round out one of the worst records in the history of the Treasury Department.

1) Obstructing American travel abroad runs against one of Washington's official pet schemes, namely to encourage "cultural exchange" and whatever other forms of meetings between the peoples can be arranged, on the (perhaps questionable) assumption that international acquaintance breeds peace and helps trade. Under this hands-across-the-sea philosophy that has reigned in Washington for twenty years, the Fowler proposal is a piece of official self-contradiction.

2) Without being too Spirit-of-'76 and all that, might we mention that a prohibitive tax is a prohibition on the thing taxed, and that a free country should not build brick walls or tax barriers to hem in individual travelers? It *is* a free country, or is it?



"Must've been a flock of doves that ran me down just then."

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Well, would *you* be happy grand-marshaling the War on Poverty? The funds have been cut, President Johnson is busy with jobs-for-adults programs outside the OEO that he hopes will lessen the chance of riots this summer—and Sargent Shriver's home state of Illinois is such a pleasant place. Pleasanter than ever, now that Gov. Otto Kerner has shocked the public and thrown Democratic politicos into a tizzy by announcing he won't run for a third term. Or for anything else, including senator against Everett Dirksen. The Democrats are in disarray because Kerner, always a good vote-getter, was at the peak of popularity when he said he was stepping down. And already there is talk that Shriver wants to run for governor—talk serious enough to put an end to last month's favorite rumor, that he would run for the Senate. The theory is that Shriver prefers the governorship because in a state like Illinois, the knotty problems fall into the lap of the big-city mayor while the governor has time to behave like a statesman and build a political base for bigger and better things in the future—a future in which, Shriver knows, Dirksen must some day no longer be the inevitable foe.

To be sure, Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley is the real power in the Illinois Democratic Party; the State Committee will obediently endorse whoever Daley thinks should run. Daley is said to favor William G. Clark, the state's Attorney General, for the governorship. But members of the Illinois congressional delegation say that Shriver and Adlai Stevenson III both have good chances to get the spot. Despite marks against them—Stevenson's youth; Shriver's absence from the state and possibly his Catholicism—they are good names, and the Democrats need a good name right now. In businesslike fashion, the party will interview hopefuls for Kerner's job late this month. No word so far on whether Shriver will be in town.

◆ And what of Otto Kerner? More rumors! It seems the White House ordered an FBI check on him right after he dropped his bomb. This is standard procedure before a man is given a federal judgeship, or an executive post. Kerner is said to be interested in a seat on the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago. As an old LBJ friend he can have it if he wants it, unless the President wants him to replace, say, John W. Gardner at HEW. It's standard practice for Johnson to put men for whom he has big plans in places where he can watch them; he named Kerner to his blue-ribbon panel on civil disorders, and has since had frequent praise for Kerner's performance there.

◆ As everybody knows, Martin Luther King has advertised a last-ditch stand of nonviolence in Washington this April. But just how nonviolent will it be? Just the other day, Dr. King met secretly in a D.C. motel with Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, neither a follower of Gandhi. Nobody would say what, if anything, had been agreed; just that the meeting was "fruitful." John Nevius, Republican member of the City Council, may have hit it on the head. Addressing the local League of Republican Women, he said Dr. King was "a peaceful man, dedicated to the principle of nonviolence ["No! No!" chorused the lady Republicans] . . . But he is bringing a lot of people to town who don't subscribe to the nonviolence principle. His problem will be to tell the difference between those who only raise their fists and those who raise their guns." *His* problem? What about the local police, some of whom tend to be nearsighted? To avoid possible mistakes during Dr. King's do as well as during routine ghetto disturbances, the department has been shaken up and a move is on to get "hothead" officers transferred from ghetto areas.

—CATO

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3) This tax is frankly introduced by its proponents not as a means of raising revenues but as an instrument of control (because of the international payments deficit).

4) In all likelihood a prohibitive tax on American travelers will be counter-productive. It would probably hit the Atlantic traffic hardest. Much of the Atlantic traffic is carried on foreign airlines. Which fly American-built jets. The Boeing people figure that Mr. Fowler's proposals would cost American aircraft manufacturers $596 million in lost export sales, over a two-year period. Additional hundreds of millions of dollars of U.S. exports are directly or indirectly financed by dollar balances created overseas through the spending of American tourists. If France and Italy earn less from American tourists, France and Italy must buy less from American manufacturers. It's that simple. Unless we shall start another Marshall Plan? But that too would be counter-productive. . . .

5) Mr. Fowler's proposals would, at a modest estimate, double the paperwork now necessary to pay federal taxes. At a time when almost everyone agrees that the most urgent tax reform is simplification, Mr. Fowler proposes to confound the confusion.

6) The proposal is discriminatory at the outset (Mr. Fowler would exclude the Western Hemisphere countries) and cannot fail to become more discriminatory. The columnist Marquis Childs mentions that, politics being politics, we would probably toss a plum to Ireland and Israel, tourist targets of some highly visible American voting blocs. And an exemption for students, why not? And for Mom and Dad going to a funeral back home, why not? Or for travel for medical reasons? Commercial business? Many exemptions mean bad law. Fowler plan, heap bad law.

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7) If, to "support the dollar," the United States Government must sink to these depths of self-contradiction, dirigisme, distortion, inefficiency, supercomplexity, and discrimination—then the very act of proposing such things is in itself an admission that we are nearing the bottom of the barrel, and the dollar cannot be "supported" much longer.

And so we bid farewell to exotic Washington and set sail for the billowing Atlantic. A tear floods up in our eye as we watch, for the last time, the natives dancing along the shores of the Potomac.

How I Survived the Garbage Strike

You've heard about the awful time
We had in New York City . . .
The mice were big as melons, and
The rats attacked my kitty.
Park Avenue was perfumed with
A most peculiar fragrance.
(Some say it should be bottled, since
It kept away the vagrants.)
Thank goodness I discovered a
Procedure to control it!
I locked my garbage in my car
And someone always stole it.

W. H. VON DREELE

Daniel A. Poling, RIP

The Rev. Daniel Poling had the happiness to die in circumstances that were an appropriate symbol of the fine life he had led for 83 years as a Christian, a patriot, a public-spirited activist, a devoted son, husband and father. On February 3 he addressed a dinner sponsored by the Interfaith Chapel of the Four Chaplains—the four chaplains who had gone down, 25 years before that night, in the sinking of the Navy Transport *Dorchester*, after they had given their own lifejackets to crew members who had none. One of these four was Dr. Poling's son, Clark. Shortly after the dinner he became ill with flu, from which pneumonia developed, and he died four days later. In the multiplicity of his interests, the firmness of his principles combined with realism in their application, his ability to communicate with all walks of men and his success in participating fully in the public life of his country without being corrupted by its pressures, Dr. Poling was not unlike that other splendid Christian and American, who died a few months ago, Francis Cardinal Spellman. Dr. Poling did too much in his long and always active life even to attempt a bare listing: lumberjack, reporter and farmer as a youth, until he graduated at the top of his college class; chaplain in World War I, in which he was badly gassed; pastor of the famed Marble Collegiate Church; foreign representative of the International Society of Christian Endeavor; director of the J. C. Penney Foundation; nationally popular radio speaker; author of 25 books, three novels among them; editor from 1925 of the *Christian Herald*—these are samples. Though an activist in public affairs, Dr. Poling was a defender, in the American Protestant tradition, of the strict separation of church and state. This doctrine, as he interpreted it, in contrast to the welfarist Christianity of Modernism, meant also that "the Gospel is, first, personal. The place of the Church is not to change society, but to change men and women who will then do the changing of society." Though his lifelong goal was to further peace among men, Dr. Poling rejected pacifism, and no public leader was more courageous and consistent in opposition to both the doctrine and practice of Communism. He was always ready to stand up and be counted. From the beginning he was one of the firmest opponents of the campaign to get Communist China recognized and into the United Nations. In these most recent years his realization of what is at stake in Vietnam has never wavered. The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW extend their sympathy to the seven children, twenty grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren who survive him.

Notes & Asides

● The decision of a couple of months ago to suspend the publication of columns by WFB, on the grounds that they appear in most major cities and that therefore we shouldn't republish them in *NR*, proved to be—controversial. We did not hear from those readers who sighed their sighs of relief. But we did hear from those readers who announced that they did not live in areas where the column was published; or that if they did, they subscribed to newspapers that cut or omitted said columns; or that they lived in the right areas, but did not buy the newspaper that carried said column. Under the circumstances, the editors have decided to try a third alternative. During the next couple of months, *NR* will reproduce not one, but three WFB columns (selected from the fortnightly half dozen), towards the back of the mag, in eight-point (i.e. smaller-than-average) type, under a logo that does not dissimulate, does not pretend that *NR* is offering fresh material. So that the reader can breeze by the columns, without reading them if he has already read them, or if he chooses not to read them in any case. Whereas those who haven't seen them and want to do so, may without feeling that there is any surreptitious intent on the part of the editors.

● I most deeply regret that in the last issue, the

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printers mangled a couple of sentences concerning my secretary Mrs. Vogt. For the record, they should have read: "One has the feeling that nothing she associates with can possibly fail, that Napoleon's big mistake was not taking Mrs. Vogt to Moscow. And then somehow, she managed (and this was *not* Isabel Paterson's doing!) to acquire a tender nature, which suffuses her work with a brisk gentility which is communicated even to those who have never seen or talked to her."

Well, Bless Me, She Doesn't Look A Day Over 80
or,
"To What Do You Attribute Your Longevity, Gertrude?"

What could be meaner than tickling a parson?
Said the handwriting to the wall.
It's meaner to laugh at Barbara Garson
Meaner to listen to Arthur Larson
Take candy from babes, engage in arson
Turn off TV during Johnny Carson
Turn it *on* in the middle of Tarson
But superannuating a lady's meanest of all.

—a devogted servant,
T. J. WHEELER

● A while ago I wrote to recall the interesting revelations of a poll conducted by NATIONAL REVIEW a couple years ago, inquiring into the attitudes of students at a dozen colleges around the country. "A striking aspect of the poll," I said, "was the tendency of the poorer students to be more firmly anti-Communist, more gratefully American, than the wealthier students." I made that statement after comparing the answers to the question: "If the United States should find itself in such a position that all other alternatives were closed save a world war with the Soviet Union OR surrender to the Soviet Union, would you favor 1) war, 2) surrender?" and noting that the replies were: "Prefer surrender to fight, Reed, 60 per cent; Brandeis, 48 per cent; Sarah Lawrence, 45 per cent; Williams, 39 per cent; Stanford, 27 per cent; Howard, 21 per cent; Boston University, 17 per cent; Yale, 16 per cent; Davidson, 14 per cent; University of Indiana, 7 per cent; University of South Carolina, 4 per cent, and Marquette, 3 per cent." I have here a letter from Mr. Edward C. McGuire, Dean of Students at Rutgers University, who chooses to "quarrel with your insupportable hypothesis that the colleges and universities mentioned can easily be divided along monetary lines in the neat way you imply. It seems to me that a more defensible division of the institutions would be along intellectual lines, which might yield a conclusion that the more intelligent the student, the less he tends to be firmly anti-Communist."

Very interesting. Especially from a dean of students. On the factual question, Mr. McGuire happens to be wrong, although for reasons he is no doubt unaware of, to wit the poll in question, parts of which were not reproduced in my column, absolutely establishes the relative economic backgrounds of the students at the colleges named, indicating that the generality to which Dean McGuire objects, was in fact roughly present. Never mind that, let us hasten to the Dean's audacious suggestion that the smarter you are, the less anti-Communist you are. . . . We might play around with that a little. And observe a) that the generality is not by any means safe. The anti-anti-Communist figure at Reed (50 per cent) is greater than that at Yale (16 per cent) and we doubt that Mr. McGuire would suggest that Reed students are intellectually superior to Yale students. As a matter of fact, elsewhere in the poll (again, Mr. McGuire didn't have the entire poll in front of him), the students quite openly admit that their views are shaped primarily by the views of their teachers. So that one can assume that a college whose teachers are equally bright, could rear a college generation towards anti-Communism, or towards anti-anti-Communism, look Ma, no hands.

So that we are left with the question: are the brightest teachers in the world anti-anti-Communist or just anti-Communist? And that raises the whole question of what is Bright? Is Bertrand Russell the brightest man in the world? If he is, then Lyndon Johnson and the majority of the American people are, as Lord Russell has so philosophically put it just like Hitler and the Nazis. If Edward Teller is just as bright as Linus Pauling, or brighter, then the question is confused. If Julian Benda and Peter Viereck are bright, then the intellectuals, among whom we should presumably list Dean McGuire, haven't been so very good on the matter of Communism, perhaps to be compared to the German intellectuals on the matter of Nazism. And then, finally, one is entitled to ask the question: Is a student better off studying under such teachers as Dean McGuire is apparently anxious to attract to his college, who will insinuate the conclusion that anti-anti-Communism and anti-Americanism are the mark of the intellectual man? Rutgers alumni especially should be interested in the provocative question of Dean Edward C. McGuire, 53 Washington Street, Newark, New Jersey 07102.

● The two pieces we ran on marijuana two issues ago have been widely acclaimed. We are especially glad to note the request by the California Educational TV network for permission to quote heavily from them in a forthcoming "Pot-Pourri." —WFB

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The War in Studio 7

The Vietnamese war is the first war produced for television. This introduces a new dimension and, quite possibly, a certain distortion unless the medium *has* already become the message, so that what we witness on the small screen is all the reality we know or ever need to know.

Burnham

TV people naturally have their own idea of what makes a good war. It must be able to keep the ratings up. You've got to arrange your war for spectacle, action, and especially lots of human interest at the intellectual and emotional level appropriate to TV—that is, the soap opera level. And what with the contemporary taste for that sort of thing, you won't overlook plenty of horror, pain, blood, terror and other sadistic-masochistic tidbits. TV hasn't yet got around to open pornography; doubtless that will be a feature of TV's next war.

Parents running from a burning cottage with children in their arms, a mother sobbing over a dead body with a big heavily-armed soldier standing nearby, a dying soldier being held by his buddy, someone getting shot at close quarters—this sort of sequence is sure-fire. As it happens in this particular war, it is only one side that gives a free run to TV crews. (The occasional cameraman permitted on the other side is working, really, in a different medium. What comes from his labors is not a TV "documentary"—how discreet a name for so imaginative an art form!—but a pre-targeted political weapon.) This brings it about that there is often a camera on hand to record a South Vietnamese police chief shooting a non-uniformed Vietcong guerrilla without benefit of trial by jury but no camera present at the almost simultaneous killing by the Vietcong, a couple of miles away, of two captured, and uniformed, U.S. soldiers.

The Non-Events

Nor were TV crews present to film the deliberate killings of several hundred civilians in Hué at about the same time. We all see—the whole world sees—those pathetic mothers running from that hut just blasted by the U.S. Marines. We never see—neither we nor anyone else—even a one of the thousands of VC torturings and executions of village elders, schoolteachers, farmers and miscellaneous bystanders tossed in *pour encourager les autres*. We do not see, either, any of the sad and wounded VC and North Vietnam boys wondering why *their* rulers make them fight this dirty war.

Come to think of it, they say there have been several other wars going on the last year or so. Two of them, if you could believe what you read nowadays, sound more bloody and ferocious than the Vietnam production. A fellow from the *Guardian* got into Yemen's Sana the other day. Driving into town, he passed a village going up in smoke, with bodies strewn about its streets. It was being punished, he was told, for not having resisted a royalist unit that entered one night. On a stone ledge of the gate of Sana itself three recently sliced off human heads, dripping blood, were on display. One chap told him how he and his crowd had cut open the stomachs of the three "royalist traitors" and pulled them through the streets with their intestines dragging before chopping their heads off. Sounds like first-rate Huntley-Brinkly material.

Then that alleged war in Nigeria. Some say tens of thousands were massacred in the prelude. Letters keep coming to England telling about villages whose every male is put to death and every female raped. Some of the torture methods would be an inspiration to our neo-Sade playwrights. But all that, too, is in TV-less Never Never Land.

Commentators on the Vietnam war are transformed into TV stereotypes. There is a strain of soap opera hysteria in the prose even of such previously rather sobersided types as James Reston, Hans Morgenthau and Walter Lippmann—not to speak of sundry senators and clergy—that rose almost to shrieking in their response to the Vietcong's counter-city offensive. But the President, too, has overdramatized this war. As George Liska observes in his brilliant *Imperial America,* the Administration has been too eager "to placate critics (while confusing the public) on the plane of doctrine, by denying any universal policing and thus by implication imperial purpose, so as to be somewhat freer to act in one particular situation of fact."

In the Bloody Perspective

It is still true that U.S. casualties in this war run less than a quarter of auto casualties, from mostly the same age group, and that the war's cost is only 2 per cent of the GNP. Adding all casualties of all sides together, combatant and non-combatant, gives a small enough figure compared to the scores of millions of World Wars I and II—what TV Spectaculars some of those campaigns would have made! In Braddock's encounter at Turtle Creek, 63 out of his 86 officers were casualties, mostly dead, and 914 out of 1,373 soldiers—heavier than any battle of the Vietnam war: in 1755, when the European population of the English colonies was three-fifths of 1 per cent of ours today. In the Seven Years' War that followed, 853,000 soldiers were killed, according to Frederick's estimate, in a Europe with one-tenth of today's population.

Prof. McLuhan believes TV will put an end to war by removing its anonymity; personalized in one's own living room, war will become universally intolerable. It may be, though war is a rather deeply ingrained human habit. Meanwhile, by accidental effect as much as design, TV seems to be becoming merely one more addition to the arsenal.

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THE STRATEGY OF THE INDIRECT APPROACH

In the cold war there are no sanctuaries. Big, peaceable America continues to be the main target of Communist aggression. They will use whatever means come to hand to destroy us. That remains unchanged

THE KREMLIN'S UNDIMINISHED APPETITE

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE

The term cold war is a shorthand notation. In our communications with one another, we cannot do without shorthand notations. Without them, our discourse would be unnecessarily tedious and cumbersome. Yet, the more handy and expressive a term—such as the metaphor cold war—the more we must seek to retain its precise meaning lest we use it carelessly, and mistake a simple slogan for a highly complex phenomenon in contemporary world politics. The cold war is much too serious a business to permit of any mistakes about its philosophy and conduct. The hard men who started to wage it against us invested in it their hardest thought and the immense resources of the peoples under their rule. Obviously, in order to defeat their purpose, we need to excel them in intellectual and material power.

The cold war is the latter-day adaptation of a conflict theory which is at least as old as recorded thought about political conflict. This theory is based on observation: in a good many conflicts victory has not gone to the stronger party; the weaker party prevailed. How did the weaker party manage to overcome the superiority of the stronger party? The basic principle underlying this operation is a simple one: Since even the strongest power cannot be equally strong at all places and at all times, the challenging—weaker—power must seek to bypass its opponent's positions of strength and catch him napping. In this strategy, the conditions of success are high mobility and watchful timing. It has been aptly called the Strategy of the Indirect Approach. It was used by the Roman Republic, possessed of meager means and unlimited ambitions, against mighty, affluent and peaceable Carthage which, after a hundred years' struggle, succumbed to the cunning and patient Romans. It was used by the semi-barbarous warrior chieftains who, for a long time, nibbled at the margins of the seemingly invincible Roman Empire—and then suddenly brought it down. It was the strategy of the Communists in their long march to power over vast populations in which, at the outset, they constituted tiny minorities. It has been the strategy of Soviet Russia against the rest of the world and against the world's leading nation, mighty, affluent and peaceable America. It has always been the strategy of revolutionaries seeking to overthrow established order; it has always been the strategy of dynamic aggressors seeking to overthrow superior, though defensively-minded, status quo powers.

Totalitarianism Has the Edge

The Strategy of the Indirect Approach accords more readily with the moral attitudes and political institutions of a "closed" society than with those of an "open" society. In its pursuit, totalitarianism has the advantage over democracy, for stealth and deception are indispensable to the maintenance of totalitarian rule. The totalitarian ruler is not accountable to his people; he need not open the books. Secrecy is as essential to totalitarianism as candor is to democracy. Secrecy, stealth and deception are the natural elements of totalitarianism; they are the ultimate weapons of the Strategy of the Indirect Approach, of the cold war. Because of this fundamental disparity, democracy faces a dilemma: how prevail against an opponent whose weapons democracy cannot match? Fortunately, it is not true that one must "fight fire with fire," or fight one's enemy "with his own weapons." Fortunately, an informed and vigorous democracy has means of its own which, if properly maintained and used, are more than a match for those of conspiratorial regimes—such as those holding sway in Russia and China. But, in order to exploit its superior strength, American democracy needs to identify the conflict strategy of the Communists, guard itself against the peculiar tactics of the cold war and, more important still, recognize its own vulnerabilities. The fact that some of these vulnerabilities are but the reverse of its strength, does not absolve American democracy from the difficult task of self-examination.

Our very freedoms do afford opportunities of penetration and subversion, which our totalitarian enemies, by their own logic, would be fools to neglect. The sense of security which democratic institutions engender in all those who are happy enough to live under them, can be a powerful ally of totalitarian aggression. If not curbed by eternal vigilance, this sense of domestic security engenders that complacency which blinds a democratic people to how insecure is the world-at-large and how precarious is the cause of freedom amidst international anarchy.

Indeed, those who look for a Communist under every bed are wasting

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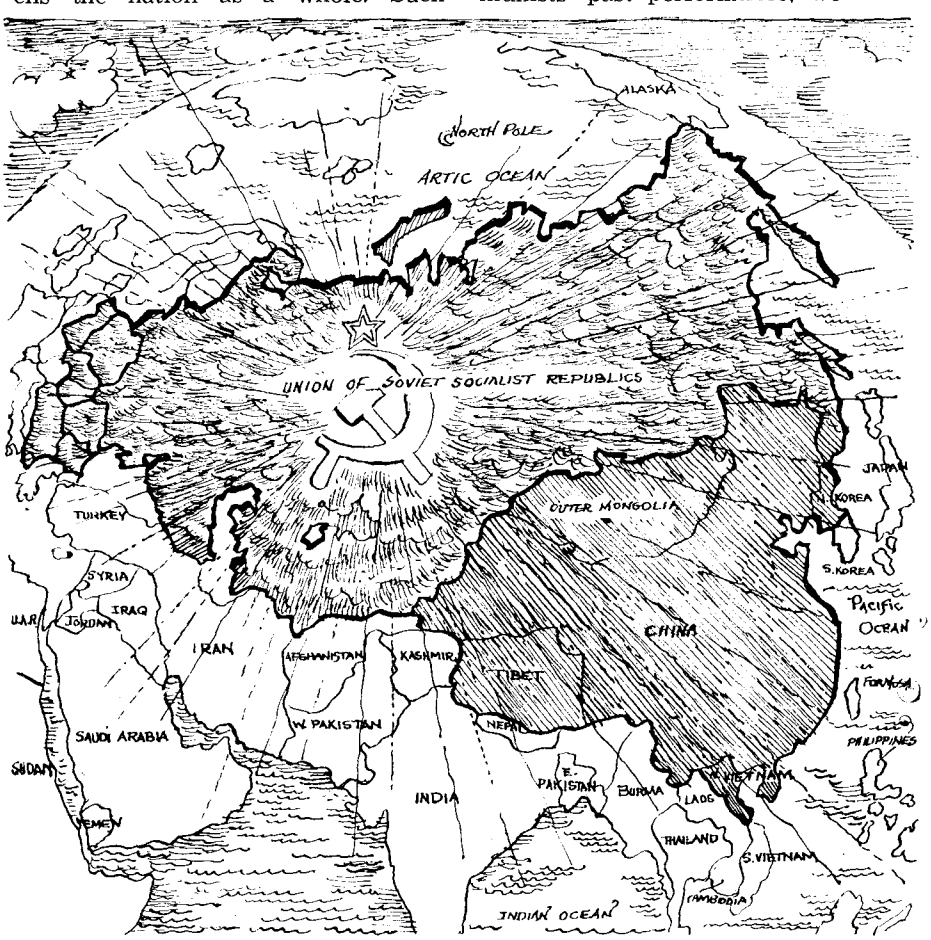
their time. There are not enough trained Communists available for that position. Furthermore, it is the very essence of the Strategy of the Indirect Approach to abstain from offering a challenge so massive as to arouse the opponent to an even more massive counter challenge, i.e. to escalate the conflict. No one knows better than the professional revolutionaries who manage the Communist enterprise that it is impossible to attack in force at all places and at all times. In order to injure a society marked for destruction it is necessary and sufficient to concentrate destructive force upon select sectors of political and social control. These are relatively few. Within each, a relatively small number of control posts—switching stations, so to speak—insure the effective operation of the system. Among these the most important are located in our government, our scientific and educational establishment, and our communications media. To switch from one metaphor to another: in order to wreck our air transport system, it is not necessary to bomb every plane and runway in the land; a few skilled saboteurs, introduced into the control towers of our major airports, can handily accomplish this purpose.

The very complexity of modern civilization enhances the importance of posts of political and social control—and the power, for good or evil, of the individuals who occupy them. That the real importance of some of these control posts can often not be deduced from the relatively lowly place which their occupants hold in the table-of-organization greatly complicates the task of surveying and assessing the operation and the security of the organization-as-a-whole. This task is not made easier by an ever growing body of laws which are designed to protect the average citizen's freedoms and, especially, to protect his privacy against the invasion of public and private authorities as well as his right to the political affiliation of his choice and to free speech. This is not the place to examine the question as to whether all of these laws—admirable as is their intent within the context of a free, domestically secure society—are informed by sufficient awareness of international insecurity. Be this as it may, the agents of totalitarianism, by their own logic, would be fools not to take advantage of every opening that humane laws and generous ethics afford their destructive activities. By their own logic, they can do so without transgressing any legal and ethical norms, for totalitarianism has no place for humane laws and generous ethics.

Peaceable Surrender Preferred

In the cold war, there are no sanctuaries. The Strategy of the Indirect Approach does not respect political boundaries. One of its principal objectives is the social disintegration of the nation marked for conquest *before* the all-out attack is launched. If this objective is attained the all-out attack might need never be launched. For the aggressor, the opponent's peaceable surrender is cheaper than his military defeat. The tactics suitable for the attainment of this objective are many—about as many as are the significant social groups upon whose support national unity must rest. The alienation of any of these groups, as, for example, the intellectual community or the trade unions or private business, from the rest of the national society, grievously weakens the nation as a whole. Such "splitting-tactics"—the term belongs to the Communist vocabulary—have been used, for two generations, by the Communists in their own intra-party struggles; they have been crowned with success in many countries including, to name only a few, Russia in 1917, and China, Czechoslovakia and Hungary after World War II. Is it reasonable to believe that the Communists have forsworn the use of these tactics against that one powerful country that stands between them and their avowed goal: the completion of the world revolution? Is it prudent to rely on the Communists' respect for international law and the sanctity of U.S. sovereignty? Is it logical to assume that the Communists, because American society has shown itself proof against the cruder kinds of subversion, will lose patience and abandon their objective? If there is one virtue to which the Communists can lay just claim, it is patience. During the last twenty years, the Communists—if their open literature is to be taken as indicative of *their* thought—have studied zealously the subtleties of *our* thought and conduct. By the record of the Communists' past performance, we have



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good reason to believe that their tactics have grown subtler—that they will keep on trying.

The investment of the Communists in the arsenal of the cold war—insurgency, warfare-by-proxy, penetration, espionage, subversion, sabotage, blackmail, assassination and open and hidden propaganda—is enormous. It took fifty years to build it; its trained cadres number hundreds of thousands, if not millions; its tools, from portable printing press to a host of electronic devices, from plastic bombs to shiploads of "conventional" arms, represent an outlay of many billions of dollars. The Communists' cold war establishment is one of their most valuable properties—if it is not their most valuable one. More likely than not, it is the division of this "property" which poses the most serious issue in the quarrel between Moscow and Peking. Whatever the outcome of this conflict within the Communist camp, it is unlikely, to say the least, that the contestants, in order to reconcile differences over their respective shares in the arsenal, will agree to scrap the arsenal altogether. As long as the arsenal exists, it will be used—and used against the principal opponent of Communist expansion, Russian as well as Chinese, namely the United States.

The first step in the right direction is to understand the motivations of the protagonists and the inwardness of the conflict. That, of late, such understanding has become fuzzed in the minds of many of our fellow citizens, is borne out by a spate of public statements and countless private exchanges of view. Not a few of our fellow citizens believe that the cold war can be ended by stopping to fight it; others believe that it *has* ended and that a new era of mutual reconciliation has opened. The American people do not lack good will toward men of diverse convictions. Nor do they lack that reasonableness which, by trading concession for concession, smothers costly conflict and labors for mutually advantageous cooperation.

The question as to whether good will and reasonable concessions suffice to turn the Communists from their avowed purpose goes to the heart of the matter. This question must be answered in the negative for one simple reason: the Communists cannot desist from their avowed purpose, which is the universal triumph of Communism, as long as they remain themselves. They cannot jump across their own shadow; neither can we jump across ours.

The Communist system is a conflict system; its ideology is an ideology of conflict and war. According to Karl Marx, the proletariat is permanently at war with the capitalists—the "owners of the means of production"; according to Lenin, the imperialist-capitalist states must ceaselessly war against each other; and according to Khrushchev, the colonial people must fight their "wars of liberation" against the imperialists, i.e. against the states of the West. Communist leadership cannot cut the umbilical cord which joins its powers to the ideology which sanctions its authority.

Communist Rulers Dug In

According to Lenin, the leadership of the Communist movement is vested in a group of professional revolutionaries. These professional revolutionaries are skilled in the interpretation of Communist doctrine and the management of revolutionary conflict. Their claim to rule rests upon the possession of these skills. As a matter of fact, if the possession of these skills were not acknowledged as indispensable to the welfare and survival of society, the peoples under Communist rule would have no reason whatsoever to put up with Communist rule. Then these peoples would have every reason to turn over the management of their affairs to a leadership skilled in the arts of peace rather than the arts of revolutionary war. Thus, the perpetuation of the myth of the inevitability of the world revolution is indispensable to the survival of all Communist regimes. If the Communist rulers were to disavow this myth, they would destroy the base upon which their power rests.

No one in his right mind expects the Communist hierarchy to commit collective suicide and, for the West's convenience, to go out of business. Moreover, there is, at present, not the slightest sign of a popular revolutionary potential which could exploit Communist intraparty quarrels and unseat the Communist rulers or at least compel them to introduce significant political reforms. In spite of the twists and turns of the internecine power struggle, the Communist system will endure so long as external pressures do not compound internal strains and bring the system crashing down.

In areas of political, social and economic concern—in all areas except conflict management—the Communist system is an ineffective system. Contrary to widely held preconceptions, the short-fall of the Communist economy is not due to the lack of managerial know-how or faulty planning. The principal reason for such amazing fiascos as, for example, the chronic crisis of Soviet agriculture and the scarcity of consumer goods in all Communist countries, including those with rich raw material resources and high scientific-technological achievements, is the nature of the political system and not economic factors. At home, the Communist system is an oppressive dictatorship that does not allow for individual freedom. Hence, Communist society cannot engender that individual initiative which is the mainspring of a free people's economic progress. Abroad, the Communist dictatorship engages in costly conflict operations which sap the economic resources of the peoples under its rule. Thus, the Communist system is faced by a dilemma: how maintain its power without satisfying the demands for higher living standards of the masses whom it holds in subjection? There are only two methods by which the Communists can extricate themselves from this dilemma: they must 1) maintain the fiction of the Communist world as a beleaguered camp, encircled by wicked, warlike capitalists; and 2) seek to "export" the internal conquest. As long as the cold war can be waged profitably, popular aspirations for the good things of life can be assuaged with the promise of world domination. Once the whole world has gone Communist, so the Communist rulers assert, an era of plenty will dawn, and the standard of living of the average man will exceed the highest levels attained in capitalist lands.

It has been the West's successful containment of Communist expansionism which has increased the internal pressures of a Communist system both politically rotten and economically inefficient. These pressures, when they were no longer afforded sufficient outlets into external conquest, cracked the monolithic façade

(Continued on p. 205)

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Why is it so many Church leaders in the West refuse to listen to Pastor Wurmbrand? Is it that they don't want to believe Christianity is still under attack in the post-Stalin East?

THE MAN FROM GOD'S UNDERGROUND

CHARLES FOLEY

In the spring of 1965 I was asked by a newspaper editor to see a Rumanian pastor who had just reached the West, and although Iron Curtain refugees make little splash in the news these days there was something about this man, apparently, that lifted him above the ordinary. The editor had received a letter from a friend, a successful author, who had met him. He passed it to me to read.

"I attach a few notes on Pastor Wurmbrand's experiences as he told them to me over two hours. They cannot do anything like justice to the personality of this remarkable man . . . I must say I have never been more moved by any account of the human spirit." There was a lot more in the same vein. It is unlike this author to be easily impressed, least of all in spiritual concerns; but he suggested that the newspaper should run a series of articles (a series!) on the pastor's life and struggles, and ended, "I regret that I cannot write it myself, much as I would like to do so, because I am off to New York tomorrow to do the book of a musical comedy."

Thus reassured that the author had not altogether lost his sense of proportion, I went in search of the pastor and, after a number of false starts, found myself a disgruntled member of a lunchtime congregation in a cold London church. "The Rev. R. Wurmbrand will speak on his fourteen years in Communist prisons," said a poster outside, "at 1:15 P.M."

From a third row pew I saw him mount the steps with a long impatient stride. He was 56, over six feet tall, and gaunt as a Gothic tower. His hair was white. The eyes were striking: blue, compassionate, fierce, set in dark hollows. He looked sick; but the vitality that played off him was being felt well past the third row. The congregation sat up at the first words, pronounced in a heavily accented voice of such empty desolation that they had no echo. "I bring you," he said slowly, "greetings from the suffering church of Christ behind the Iron Curtain."

Tempted by the Devil

Gradually the voice acquired color, became conversational. "First I must tell you what happen wiz me." He had been kidnaped in the street by secret police in 1948. His family and friends were told that he had "fled the country." He was kept for the first three years in solitary confinement. His cell was 35 feet underground, three paces by three, with only a tube for air. "I saw neither sun nor stars. I didn't know if it was night or day, or even what month or year it was." He survived torture, drugging and brainwashing, in one jail after another for a decade. He was offered as a bribe by his Communist captors the leadership of his church in Rumania, provided he led it their way. He was tempted, alone in the cell, by the Devil. "He was very near. He laughed at me. He said, 'Where's Jesus? Why doesn't he save you, and the others who believed in Him? He's a false Messiah!' "

With realistic screams, Wurmbrand imitated the voice of a woman being beaten in the next cell. In a whisper, he told of a day during brainwashing when prisoners were promised that their wives would visit them that afternoon. No one came. "You fools!" the guards said. "They don't want to see you. They've found other men long ago. They're in bed with them now! Your children are all Communists; if they saw you, they'd spit! "

Loudspeakers filled the cells 24 hours a day with taped messages: "Communism is good. Christianity is finished. God is dead." A dreadful smile lit the preacher's face. "And in the end I believed this, when they said nobody more was a Christian. I am not a hero. I believed." The pastor began to cough, raucously.

The congregation sat stunned by this performance. Nobody moved a muscle as Wurmbrand recovered and went on: "Then I said to myself, 'But even if Christianity is dead I will sit at its tomb and weep until it arises again.' "

In prison he found another parish, converting prisoners by tapping Morse through the walls, converting even wardens and secret police interrogators. When his mission in the West was over he hoped to go back and convert many more, he said, radiating joy at the idea that he would probably die in prison. Western doctors said that he should have died of tuberculosis years ago, so he feels he's on borrowed time, anyway.

By the end of the sermon handkerchiefs were in furtive use throughout the church. I'd never seen people weep in an English church before. The world is bored with other people's woes, but Wurmbrand had cast a spell, conveying his experiences with the fresh simplicity of an early Christian. At the church door he

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said he had no time to see me then, since he was leaving almost at once for western England.

I said, "Perhaps I can come with you to Devon." He answered, "You can come with me to Heaven!" I agreed to do both.

If you want a compartment to yourself on British Railways, take a parson with you. On the three-hour journey several pale English faces peered in from the corridor, took parson-fright and vanished. Wurmbrand uneasily fingered his clerical collar. It was the first time in his life that he had worn one, he said. The suit was also borrowed: "In Rumania, when you are arrested, you lose everything." As sooty Paddington slid away behind us, he began to speak about his past. He was very fluent. It was like listening to the reading of a novel, except that he was often caught in fits of coughing.

Wurmbrand came from an old Jewish family in Bucharest. He grew up during and after World War I. Sometimes he stole to eat. His education came mostly from books left by his dead father. He became a sharp young businessman, made money any way he could, lived a wild life and "despised others and hated myself." Excess landed him in a tuberculosis sanatorium where he was left alone to think.

Dancing For Joy

Religion had always struck some unknown chord in his nature, one that he had wished to destroy. He had called himself an atheist and a Marxist. "But there are people who think they are atheists and are not, just as there are many who think themselves Christians, and are not." In the sanatorium's quiet, an inner struggle was resolved. But it was not enough for him to become only a Christian: he was ordained in the Lutheran Church, "although I think that if I had met Christianity in any other form I would have accepted it."

During the war, when British clergy had to leave Rumania, he took over the work of an Anglican mission. The fanatically Orthodox Fascist "Iron Guard" persecuted religious minorities. He was arrested three times, and at least once escaped assassination. His wife's family died in the slaughter of the Jews.

When the Communists took over the country in 1945 delegates from all the churches were summoned to a congress in the Parliament. They were promised pay and protection by the state. In return they were expected to mount the rostrum under Stalin's portrait and pledge support for the new regime. Wurmbrand's turn approached. As a representative of the World Council of Churches, his blessing was politicially valuable. Instead, he spoke strongly against Communism, telling the assembly of 4,000 that their task was to praise God, not earthly powers. As applause and then cheering began to break out around the hall, the microphone was snatched from him. The meeting ended in uproar.

"But here is the irony," Wurmbrand said. "After I went to prison I met all those priests and pastors who had collaborated with and praised and worked for the Communists—in the end they were treated just like me."

The regime wanted a confession from Wurmbrand that the World Council of Churches was a facade for an international spy net. This would have led to a Mindszenty-type show trial to blacken religious leaders around the world. No pains were spared to break him down. "It was an image of hell in which the suffering is eternal, but you cannot die. I was not the worst tortured, for here I am, alive. Nearly all our Catholic bishops have been so handled that they died."

Wurmbrand was flogged, forcibly filled up with water until his stomach swelled, then kicked around the room, bastinadoed while trussed like a chicken on a spit and submitted to other old and new devices in the interrogator's armory. A doctor was present at each session to see that he (as a valuable prisoner) did not die. Spells of drugging blacked out his memory, but he had vowed to kill himself before betraying friends. He named no names, and there were no witnesses at his eventual trial, a procedure which lasted ten minutes. He was sentenced to twenty years.

How, I asked, did he pass the time in the years of solitary confinement? Silence in the underground cell was total. The guards never spoke, and padded about in felt shoes. Wurmbrand had nothing to read, no writing materials, a plate of thin gruel once a day.

"I danced, for one thing." Grinning, he said that one night, recalling that those who suffered "on account of the Son of Man" were blessed and should rejoice and "dance for joy," he took the injunction literally. The guard at the spy-hole saw him leaping around in the cell and brought food in an attempt to distract the madman.

"Then I remembered the second part of the text about dancing: 'For your reward is great.' It was a very large hunk of bread. With cheese, too." Although never paid again for his performance, Wurmbrand "often felt such overwhelming joy that I thought I'd burst if it did not find expression. I was never bored for an instant." He composed sermons and preached them, aloud; he prayed, meditated, sang, spent hours writing letters in his mind to his wife and only son.

In his third year underground he became so emaciated that he was taken to a prison exclusively for tubercular cases. There he spent two years in a cell reserved for men expected to die in a few days. It was known as the "death room." Priests and murderers, saints and criminals passed through this cell, Wurmbrand said, but each one made some kind of peace with God before he died.

Wurmbrand survived. He moved from jail to jail on long journeys with his hands and ankles in fifty pounds of chain. He preached in cells containing a hundred men packed in tiers of bunks to the ceilings. He was often denounced to guards and beaten. In the old days he had wished to be a prison priest. "My wish was fulfilled," he said. "I was a priest in prison."

During the later Stalinist period he went through a "re-education."

"It was carried out not by means of books but by beatings. Criminal prisoners were promised early release if they beat up others systematically over weeks and months until they not only said they were Communists but really believed they were. Pain and indoctrination can do this; but the mockery was worse than pain.

"One man was tied for five days to a cross. Twice a day the cross was laid on the floor and all his cellmates were made to fulfill their necessities on his face and body. Then the cross was put up again and the "re-educators" mocked him, saying, "Look now at your Christ. Another priest was forced to say Mass over excrement and urine. He told me, 'Don't reproach me. I have suffered more than

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Christ.'"

Wurmbrand began to talk of his wife. When they met she was a gay, pleasure-loving girl. She hated at first his decision to join the church, but later was converted.

While he was describing this, the train stopped at a country station and a middle-aged woman in plaid coat, gloves and a hat with a veil took a corner seat in the carriage. She placed a wicker basket beside her and opened it to reveal a cross little dog.

"Ah!" said Wurmbrand. "What a lovely little spaniel. May I see it? It must have won many prizes." It had. The woman was a churchgoer, too, who declared that she would be most interested to hear how Christians were treated in other countries.

So Wurmbrand told how his wife had been arrested and put to work on the Danube canal, where thousands of prisoners died of cold or starvation. "There they ate rats, snakes, crows, even dogs."

The woman in the plaid coat looked horrified. Wurmbrand misunderstood. "Oh, but they were a luxury! My wife said later that dog tasted quite good. I said, 'Would you eat one now?' 'Oh no,' she said."

The woman smiled weakly, and my companion went on, "But let me tell you a very beautiful story."

At the canal, Wurmbrand said, a gang of 400 religious prisoners shoveled earth sixteen hours a day in temperatures of 20° below zero.

"A young Catholic priest was asked provocatively if he still believed in God. He knew it might be his last hour if he said yes. Everyone looked at him, as he stood for a moment silent. Then he said to the officer, 'When I joined the Church I knew that thousands had already died for their faith. And when I went to the altar in my fine robes I promised God that if they became prison rags I would still serve Him. Prison is no argument against religion. I love Christ with all my heart!'

"'And do you believe in the Pope?' the officer went on.

"'Ever since St. Peter there has been a Pope of Rome and never will a Pope be friends with the Communists. Yes, I believe in the Pope!'

"The priest was marched off. We never saw him again."

"It was not long afterwards that Gromyko was calling at the Vatican."

The final years in prison brought

Wurmbrand close to moral collapse. Mass suggestion, constant loudspeaker slogans, drugs in the food, starvation (weight was kept at a steady 40 pounds below normal), and psychological tricks were used to persuade prisoners that the whole world beyond the wall was Communist. In the end, Wurmbrand believed this, but did not lose his Christian faith. Offered freedom, reunion with his family and a bishopric if he went along with Communism, he refused. Suddenly, in his fourteenth year of prison, the jails were almost emptied of political prisoners to clear the way for a series of major trade deals between Rumania and the West.

"Our camp commandant made a last speech: 'You fools! You have sat for years in prison expecting the Americans to come and free you. Now I will give you the news: the Americans are coming—not to free you, but to help us. They come to make business and build the industries we need. The Americans, if you beg, give nothing. If you insult and mock them, you get everything. You fools, we have been more clever than you!'"

On release Wurmbrand found that Christianity was very far from dead; but his attempts to preach secretly began to endanger friends and helpers. He was urged to go to the West to represent the Iron Curtain church there. The Communist regime, which sells Jews and other unwanted members of racial minorities to gain foreign currency, allowed Wurmbrand to leave Rumania on payment of several thousand dollars by a Scandinavian church group. He was called to secret police headquarters and warned that if he spoke against Communism he could be kidnaped, or killed, or framed in a scandal which would destroy his reputation.

Suddenly I realized that we had stopped and a guard was shouting "Dawlish!" This was the town where Wurmbrand was to address a seminary, and we left the train. The lady with the little dog leaned out to give us an almost tearful farewell.

In the evening, we talked again. After he had completed his speaking tour of Britain, Wurmbrand had been invited to America. Already he was halfway through a book about his prison years and he asked if I could edit it if he sent chapters as they were written from the States. The book was complete in his mind, together with some hundreds of poems which he had composed in prison and now written down. Before I returned to London he gave me an address in Paris where we could meet in a few weeks. He'd left his wife and son there.

It was a Paris of railway sheds and sidings and workmen's bistros. The Wurmbrands had two tiny, barely furnished rooms in a gloomy block looking out on a treeless courtyard. He was sitting at a desk buried under piles of papers and books that overflowed onto surrounding chairs. The only other thing in the room was a single divan bed. Mrs. Wurmbrand,

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tiny, dark-haired, offered me an orange. She had a sweet smile. The son, Mihai, squeezed another hard chair into the room.

Wurmbrand, looking sadly after his son as he left, said: "He is like a skeleton. He will never be healthy." Mihai, deprived of both parents when he was nine, had survived only through the kindness of friends. As the son of an imprisoned "counter-revolutionary" he had been expelled from school after school. He had to lie to enroll, but he was always discovered. "Mihai," he said, "was lucky compared with some children from families that refused to give up their religion."

Canterbury Goes to Bucharest

Wurmbrand picked up a handsomely produced report, bound in red, from his desk. It was from the World Council of Churches, which had passed a resolution asking Communist governments to cease trying to overthrow the social order; it also invited the United States to stop fighting Communism. Both sides must keep the peace. "Fine," said Wurmbrand. "But since the resolution was not published behind the Iron Curtain its only effect is to ask for the disarming of the West."

He'd met many Christian leaders recently, he said. He'd spoken in Rome, where a head of the Baptist movement broke into his sermon to stop him from attacking Communism. The interrupter said he accepted everything from Marxism except atheism. Wurmbrand replied, "Then I accept everything from the Baptist faith except baptism. It is the same.

"Other church leaders go to Rumania and sit at banquets with our Comunist persecutors. I asked them why. They said, 'We must have friendship with everyone. We are Christians.' I said I couldn't argue with them, I had been fourteen years in prison without reading the Bible, so they must know Christianity better than I. But why did they have friendship only with our inquisitors, and with us never? They did not ask to visit the graves of priests and bishops who have died in jail. They did not call at the homes of their starving families, or even leave a little money for them."

The Archbishop of Canterbury visited Bucharest in 1965 and preached in a cathedral where the congregation of 600 was composed, "although he did not know it, of officials and secret police agents."

Wurmbrand said that most people he had met did not know what Communism really was or did. They did not want to hear that it was a threat to their way of life.

But wasn't there a relaxation in many Communist regimes today? I asked.

"It is like this: people know that the West will give no help, and there are no more underground movements, and things are quiet. So the Communists do not have to use the same terror. They are polite. A thief after he has stolen is a gentleman. He gives the biggest tips and invites girls to his table and he invites you. The Communists have stolen half of Europe and now they are gentlemen until it is the occasion to steal again.

"In this sense there is relaxation, but it is not an essential sense. We have the continued dictatorship of an atheistic party which has vowed to destroy religion. As to elections we have a joke: when God created Adam, he said 'You are free to choose for wife whomever you wish.' But there was only Eve. So are elections with us."

I asked, "But churches are open, sermons are preached?"

"Churches are open—but how many more are closed? The total of Catholic churches and their priests has been halved; the Baptists are reduced by more than two-thirds. All Catholic convents are shut; Orthodox nuns under the age of sixty, and monks under 65, are forced to marry.

"Sermons must have official sanction. I heard one preached on a text, 'Christ is our peace.' The priest explained that the American imperialists hated peace as much as the 'socialist countries' loved it. So Christ must be against the U.S.A."

In spite of everything, Wurmbrand says, religion is growing in the Communist world and among the new generation in Russia.

"When I spoke in Scotland, students asked me if they could help. There was a party of 25 Russians on an escorted visit. I thought they might be offered Bibles in Russian, which they cannot get at home. Next day, when I had gone on, the students telephoned to say the visitors had refused the gift. I said, 'See each Russian separately in the lavatory. They are all afraid of one another.' Sure enough, every one of them secretly accepted a Bible for himself."

In postwar Rumania, Wurmbrand had worked among Red Army troops, distributing more than 100,000 secretly printed gospels in three years. He made hundreds of converts, and none gave him away up to the time of his arrest. (He speaks Russian and ten other languages.) "They met Christianity for the first time. To preach Christ to the Russians is heaven on earth. They have not known Him and the words are like rain on thirsty soil."

Hate Sin, Love Sinners

As we sat in the cell-like room drinking coffee that Mrs. Wurmbrand had brought, while the Paris traffic ground past outside, he said: "I hate Communism, true, but I love the Communists. To hate the sin and love the sinner is one of life's great principles. To be 'anti-Communist' is nothing: Hitler was anti-Communist.

"The Communist leaders cannot offer people happiness because they are themselves such unhappy and insecure men; and being so, they can be won to Christianity." Wurmbrand's belief that Iron Curtain countries will return to religion is underlined in the book he has written *Christ in the Communist Prisons.** In a foreword he says, "The conversion of Svetlana Stalin, the dictator's daughter brought up in the strictest Communist discipline, proves that there is a better weapon against Communism than the nuclear bomb: it is the love of Christ."

In the past two years Wurmbrand has spoken across the length and breadth of the United States and twice has given evidence before congressional committees. He was asked to strip to the waist at one hearing to show eighteen torture scars.

"I show you the tortured body of my country and my Church, and appeal to all Americans to think about it," he said. "We do not ask you to help us. We ask only one thing. Do not help our oppressors, do not praise them."

**Christ in the Communist Prisons* is to be published by Coward McCann in February.

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Soviet Affairs

Naval End Run

L. M. TAUBINGER

The stationing of Soviet warships at Port Said and Alexandria and regular visits by Russian naval units in Algiers and the Syrian port of Lakadia presumably are part of the price some Arab countries, Egypt chief among them, have agreed to pay for continued Soviet military and political support. The presence of Soviet naval units in the Mediterranean now means that the USSR can deploy naval strength as an instrument of political and propaganda pressure. This Russia seemed on the point of doing in the mid-Fifties with the development of naval bases in Albania, but that stratagem collapsed when Enver Hoxha opted to throw in with Peking in the heightened Sino-Soviet conflict. What the Soviet Union failed to accomplish a decade ago it may now be on the verge of pulling off as a consequence of the Arab-Israeli war of June, 1967.

Gentlemen's Agreements

None of the parties involved will admit for a minute that permanent base facilities are involved. Arab rulers fear violent public reaction should they too ostentatiously change one big brother for another. Moscow has spent the better part of the post-World War II years enveighing against foreign bases (in the Communist terminology the only bases that are described as foreign bases are imperialist, i.e., U.S., British or French bases). The French, still nursing the wounds of the Algerian and Indochinese wars, are reluctant to reveal the price they exacted for their agreement to withdraw from the huge Mers-el-Kebir base in Algeria ten years ahead of schedule, the major base on NATO's southern Mediterranean flank following the phasing out of the French naval installation at Bizerte in Tunisia.

With these givens, it is unlikely that any written agreements exist between the various Arab states and the Soviet Union. But this does not exclude gentlemen's agreements of a sort that will give the Russian naval and air forces "special status" at existing Arab bases in return for material and political support.

These factors must be understood.

Ever since the days of Peter the Great Russia has striven for a warm-water naval base in the Mediterranean. To keep a modern fleet operating so far from its home ports in the Black Sea, Russia must have adequate port, refueling and revictualing facilities. These they already have in Port Said and Alexandria but the fiction is that those USSR units now patrolling the southeastern Mediterranean are there to support Kosygin's ally, Nasser, against Israel.

Mers-el-Kebir, since it is in the western Mediterranean, would be even more important to the Kremlin than are the Egyptian bases. France was not required to evacuate Mers-el-Kebir until 1977 according to the Evian Treaty of 1962 that gave Algeria independence. France says she is speeding the evacuation ahead of schedule in the interests of Arab friendship. But other considerations are involved, not the least of which is the French oil stake in Algeria. The evacuation was carried out in the face of criticism of de Gaulle's decision by members of the other Common Market nations who argued, quite logically, that by doing so France was permitting a Soviet end-run in the Mediterranean and endangering NATO's military position.

Just six years ago, at the time of the Evian negotiations, France considered Mers-el-Kebir so essential to her own defenses that the Peace Treaty provided that the original fifteen-year lease could be renewed. Starting back in 1951, French authorities converted the cliffs overhanging the port into huge arsenals, repair shops, supply depots, communications centers, hospitals and barracks. This cave-like complex, which contains more than three miles of road, can be sealed off from atomic attack by enormous doors which themselves cost millions of dollars.

According to an agreement reached last September, the evacuation of the 6,000-man French garrison was to be completed by the end of this month, nearly ten years ahead of schedule. In fact, the last French soldier was en route home by January 31. Col. Boumedienne has not said what he intends to do with Mers-el-Kebir, merely that the base will be "reconverted," but to what purpose he did not say. It is certainly far too extensive an installation for the handful of destroyers and torpedo boats that constitute the Algerian Navy.

Soviet Fleet Movements

The Russians deny that they are going to take over the base, but it is more than mere coincidence that Soviet naval units have been visiting Algeria almost regularly in the past six months. Last August 15 it was announced that four Soviet naval vessels were making a "technical" and "provisioning" call. A month later a Russian naval squadron—consisting of two destroyers, two submarines, a minesweeper, a tug and tanker—put into Algiers for what was again described as a "technical" call. Again, on November 14, five Soviet naval units were reported to have arrived in Algiers on a friendly visit. All this adds up to more than coincidence. The Russians can deny having bases in the Mediterranean but if they are permitted to install nuclear-tipped ballistic missiles in Algeria as Castro once permitted them to do in Cuba, a potentially dangerous situation will have been created.

The occasional presence of Soviet naval ships in the Mediterranean is not a recent development, and the number of Soviet warships now in the area—estimated at between forty and fifty vessels, including a Sverdlovsk class cruiser, submarines and auxiliaries—is not exceptionally high. What is new, however, is the sustained nature of Soviet naval activity over the past six months, which is seen as a new and deliberate act of policy. Western naval observers believe that henceforward the Soviet Union will be ready to extract maximum political advantage from the deployment of her naval forces in the Mediterranean.

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Letters From London

Harold Wilson's Sorry Crew

COLM BROGAN

In the middle of January the House of Commons held a two-day debate on the Government's package of proposed economies. It was a grim and gloomy occasion made no better by a Harold Wilson speech so flat, rambling and vague that the Members gave it the final condemnation. They did not heckle, interrupt or rise on points of order. They just stopped listening.

But one thing of enormous significance happened during the debate. More precisely, the significance lay in something that did not happen, like the dog in the Sherlock Holmes story that did not bark in the night. Edward Heath, leader of the Opposition, who spoke with unusual force and cogency, said, "This Government has lost the will to govern and it knows it." Then came the non-event. There was no response from the Labor benches. Six months earlier Heath's next words would have been drowned by violent shouts of real or synthetic rage. Twelve months earlier he would have been silenced by shouts of derision. But there was no response. Harold Wilson, the master of the quick counter-jab, said nothing. His Cabinet colleagues sat "all silent and all damned." Not a single back bencher had a word to say. None had the fortitude to deny what everybody knew. "No man can govern in the name of doubt," said Salazar. How long can this Government continue in something much worse than doubt?

However defeated and defeatist they feel they will certainly be in no hurry to go. Indeed, the tenacity with which Ministers are clinging to their jobs and salaries is beginning to make the limpet look like a frivolously restless creature, always hopping about all over the place. Take Jennie Lee, widow of Aneurin Bevan and the Krupskaya of the Labor Party. She is the Minister responsible for Culture and the Arts. Her qualifications for this post are more than dubious, for she has the quintessential middle brow that fancies itself to be high, but she has a splendid time acting the Lady Bountiful, the Maecenas with other people's money. While the Cabinet was agonizing over the package of economies, she took the quite extraordinary step of writing what was in effect an open letter to Harold Wilson, telling him that on no account must he reintroduce Health Service charges. (It was on this issue that Bevan resigned from Attlee's government.) Many people thought that a junior Minister who delivered such a public ultimatum to her chief should have been promptly asked to resign, and it was taken for granted that if her chief rejected the ultimatum Miss Lee could have no conceivable alternative to thrusting her resignation on the Prime Minister and retiring to the back benches. She had crossed the Rubicon, burned her boats and nailed her flag to the mast. Little did people understand the mettle of Miss Lee. When Harold Wilson not only restored but increased the Tory Health charges he had abolished immediately on coming into office, Miss Lee preserved a thoughtful silence for a day or two and then announced that although the charges were a bitter disappointment the cuts in armaments were so splendid that she felt it her duty to soldier on. Quite a number of people found the logic of this explanation a little hard to follow.

Patrick Gordon Walker, Minister of Education, who was deeply committed to raising the legal age for leaving school, was very sad at the postponement of this policy, but though he muttered many a sigh he stuck to his job. Denis Healey, Minister of Defense, went one better. Only a few months earlier he had introduced Defense cuts which he publicly admitted would put national security at some risk, and had now to make further and even more drastic cuts which meant the extinction of Britain's military role in the East and Middle East, and which involved the dishonoring of explicit pledges to a whole string of friendly rulers. It was known that he had fought furiously in the Cabinet in defense of British armaments and commitments, but had been overborne on every issue. Not only did he not resign but he explained to the public on television that he was doing an exceedingly noble thing in sticking to his post and perks. He managed to make him-

Sun, London — Ben Roth Agency

"Thank you for threatening to resign, may we count on that?"

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self sound like Sidney Carton making a heroic sacrifice out of a stern sense of duty. James Callaghan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, did resign in the wake of devaluation, but as he moved nimbly over to the more placid atmosphere at the Home Office, with the same salary, he did not do so badly out of his act of abnegation. Only one Minister, Lord Longford, left the Government, in protest against the school-leaving age decision, even though he had no responsibility for education. At least it made a nice change.

From Whiz Kid to Con Man

What about Harold Wilson, the Infant Phenomenon himself? Although every single policy he has ever embarked on has gone down in ruin, nobody was silly enough to believe that he would give up his seals of office. Nevertheless, his authority has been ruined nearly as completely as his policies and the former maestro who had hypnotized his party and more than half the country has made so many blunders and caused such rank offense that many a Labor MP now regards him with a mixture of contempt and venomous dislike. This may well be rather unfair, but he has brought it on himself. Some of his senior colleagues, George Brown and Denis Healey to name only two, make hardly a pretense of concealing their personal hostility.

His first great error of judgment was in his handling of the issue of selling arms to South Africa. This was a bit of very bad business, for the South African government had not only wanted to buy arms worth some hundreds of millions of pounds, but a large part of the order was for equipment that was surplus to British requirements, and the money for these items would have been pure gain. However, the Labor Party and Wilson himself were pledged to ban traffic in arms with South Africa to show their detestation of apartheid. However, there were some coarse-minded Labor men who were acutely aware that the naval facilities we enjoy at Simonstown would become of paramount importance once we abandoned our presence in the Indian Ocean and the Gulf and also that it would be very helpful to get our hands on all that lovely South African money. Also they did not quite see the role that submarine chasers could play in enforcing racial segregation in Johannesburg.

But Harold Wilson, determined to keep at least one promise, proceeded to put both feet in it. It was only the fact that he is not a tripod that saved him from putting in three. He made a statement in the Commons that clearly pointed the finger at George Brown as a man who was not persuaded of the wisdom of maintaining the arms ban. Those who still like George Brown and the larger number who do not were outraged by this disloyalty to a colleague who was out of the country on Government business. But there was worse to come. A very large number of back-bench Members signed a manifesto calling on the Government to maintain the ban. This was an attempt to put outside and very public pressure on the Cabinet and there were few who doubted that the Prime Minister was privy to the move if he had not actively connived in it. His authority within the Cabinet was manifestly badly shaken and he was appealing behind the backs of his senior colleagues, or some of them, to an improvised pressure group. But in this he not only infuriated those who wanted to do a common sense deal with South Africa, but he also infuriated some of South Africa's bitterest enemies. To these people it was monstrous that lifting the ban should be even considered. Had not Wilson himself given a public pledge to impose the ban? Now he was so weak in authority or in will that he had to rely on an organized claque to strengthen his faltering hand. The upshot of all the knife work and fratricidal fraternity was not devoid of comedy. When it came to a Commons vote on the Government economy package twenty-odd left-wing MPs abstained in protest, but several right-wing MPs abstained *in protest against the abstainers.*

Harold Wilson took off for Moscow where he was offered the loan of a fur hat which proved to be too big. This inevitably provoked the comment that it was hard to believe that any hat could be too big for his head. However, his head has manifestly shrunk a good deal. He has not recovered, and will not recover, from his disastrous television speech on the announcement of devaluation in which he said that this move was a positive liberation and that devaluation did not at all mean that the money in our pockets and bank accounts would be worth any less. He has done nothing right since. Come to think of it, he did nothing right before.

The only difference is that he has now been found out. He used to be called the Wonder Boy or the Whiz Kid. He is now known as the Con Man. Need anything more be said?

Evelyn Waugh Revisited

ARNOLD LUNN

I never spent an hour in the company of Evelyn Waugh without his making some wholly unexpected remark, and even his rare letters had the same attractive trait. "Now I understand," he wrote when I was knighted, "why you have lived so hard and gone so shabby all these years. I always supposed you were being troubled by blackmailers. Now I realize you were saving up for the accolade."

Many people have attempted to find in democracy a substitute for religion and are as dedicated to their egalitarian crusade for the abolition of classes as temperance fanatics to the abolition of public houses. Evelyn Waugh got even more fun out of poking fun at devout egalitarians than some of my ribald contemporaries at Oxford out of poking fun at devout Christians, some of whom incidentally gave as good as they got. Once when we crossed the Atlantic together, Waugh, who was of course traveling first class, accepted an invitation to dine with me. I was traveling second class and, as he entered the dining room, he sniffed and said, "Curious how one can smell the poor." This amused me but some of those to whom I have told this story were not amused. And it was that kind of person whom Waugh delighted to shock by particularly outra-

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geous performances in his favorite comic role, the supersnob.

One of the most amusing afternoons I ever spent with Waugh began in the London Library. He took me round in a taxi to White's, which was only five minutes walk on foot, and ordered a bottle of champagne in the bar. To the barman he said, "I'd like you to produce a *really* nourishing sandwich for my friend. He's an author, but not successful like I am, and he looks rather underfed."

He Played the Supersnob

We took a specially chartered limousine to Paddington where he missed his train. Back to White's where Waugh ordered another bottle of champagne. He asked me to come down to spend the night with him in the country, but I never accept that kind of invitation after the second bottle of champagne. I did, however, again drive with him to Paddington. "How do you propose," he asked, "to go back to the slum in which you live?" I replied that I'd take the Underground. "No, my friend," said Waugh, "You shall go back in my car. This is a day in fairyland for you."

When I need a plausible excuse for writing a postcard rather than a letter, I use a specially printed postcard with my name on the top and the words "Please forgive postcard but my correspondence is very heavy." I sent Waugh one of these cards with the suggestion that he might find a similar postcard useful. He certainly found my postcard useful, but not in the way in which I had suggested. He kept it carefully, and many months later Douglas Woodruff, who had written an appreciative review of Waugh's *Life of Ronald Knox*, was perplexed to receive my postcard with "From Arnold Lunn" printed at the top. On this postcard Waugh had written "Deeply shocked by your dishonest review of E.W.'s *Knox*. A.L."

Those who took Waugh seriously in his supersnob role may well have assumed that he was a social climber, happiest when mixing with the upper classes, whereas he had exhausted such limited pleasures as society could offer him long before we met on that Atlantic crossing. There was no necessary connection in his mind, or indeed in the mind of any intelligent person, between accepting distinctions of rank as a fact and confining your personal relations to those of your own class. A distinguished American convert to Catholicism, Clare Boothe Luce, introduced Waugh to Harlem Friendship House in New York. One Negro was so impressed by his friendliness that he asked if he could write to him. "Certainly," said Waugh, "just write to my club. 'White's, London,' will always find me." The Negro's face fell. Clearly White's was a club which deliberately excluded Blacks.

As a young author who had made an outstanding success with *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies* he accepted with apparent enthusiasm what society could offer, hiring limousines to attend social functions and offering his friends lifts saying, "Let me, for I am *nouveau riche*," but that particular phase was not of long duration. It was not, however, until we met on this Atlantic crossing that I realized how much Catholicism meant to him. "The one subject which interests me," he said, "is Catholicism." We discussed the difficulty of prayer for those who were converts from agnosticism. "It was ten years," said Waugh, "before I could make any show at praying." He talked a great deal about Ronald Knox, who was one of his greatest friends. Knox had chosen him to be his biographer and literary executor.

Waugh's life of Knox is one of the best biographies of a priest that has ever been written. I have read it and re-read it. I shared Waugh's profound admiration for Ronald, but neither of us liked his translation of the Bible. "Ronnie, said Waugh, "could have translated the Bible in any style he chose. He was, as you know, a superb parodist. He could imitate anybody's style. He could have produced a translation which Newman might have written, but he believed that the particular idiom which he had chosen would induce more people to read the Bible than any other idiom. The actual translation was a form of asceticism, less so, obviously, than his *Mass in Slow Motion* preached, as you know, to school girls at Aldenham. Think what it must have cost Ronnie to write such a sentence as 'The Mass is really a kind of religious dance. . . what *you* mean by a dance is the wireless in the hall playing revolting stuff and you lounging round in pairs and feeling all gooey,' but Knox was out to bring the meaning of the Mass home to those girls, and to catch the attention of a particular audience. It isn't too easy to become as a little child for Christ's sake, but God really asked a lot of Ronnie when he asked him to become a pubescent school girl."

The Supreme Heresiarch

Waugh could not be described as a happy man. I asked him what he really enjoyed. He replied "cessation from pain." He admitted that there were periods when he enjoyed life, but these were offset by periods of increasing boredom. He got very little pleasure out of writing, and even less out of success. "If I had been a failure it would have rankled, but I try not to read reviews. They are always an occasion of sin. If hostile, they annoy me more, if flattering they please me more than they should." He declined my offer to lend him the *Times Literary Supplement* which contained a very flattering review of *The Loved One*.

"I have that degree of detachment from the world," he said, "which would be very edifying if it led to love of Christ but is not at all edifying because it merely leads to boredom."

His declining years were saddened by changes in the Church, such as the substitution of the vernacular for the Latin rite. In a letter about the vernacular Mass to the *Tablet* (July 31, 1965) he wrote: "You express a special solicitude for elderly converts. You may well do so for we are likely to be the last converts of the century . . . Why are we constantly asked to give money to schools if the children learn so little there that *Corpus Christi, Pater Noster, Domine non sum dignus* are unintelligible to them? We do not claim to impose our tastes and habits on those who find them unsympathetic. All we ask is that in every church where it is feasible there should be one Mass on days of obligation said as in the days of good Pius IX."

I have written at some length about Waugh not only because I admired him as man and writer, but also because to the social egalitarians Waugh was the supreme heresiarch. He attacked them not only because he

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The Communist Party and the New Left

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

In a recent article in NATIONAL REVIEW (Feb. 13), James Fletcher acutely described the politics of today's radicalism and left liberalism as a "politics of emptiness." What he was pointing to is the concentration both of the anti-Vietnam movement and the black-power movement upon a violence of rhetoric and of action which leads towards no coherent or realizable goal.

Meyer

While such a movement can always do much damage to the social fabric, under ordinary circumstances it would be bound to burn itself out in a comparatively short time, since its lack of content and direction militate seriously against perseverance and continuity. We do not live under ordinary circumstances, however, but rather in the epoch of the drive of world Communism for domination of the globe. It is true, of course, that Communism is no longer single centered, but rather, in the popular phrase, polycentric—although hydra-headed might be a more accurate description. The important point, nevertheless, remains—that the two major armed centers of Communism are in accord on the duty and necessity of achieving worldwide Communism by whatever means may be effective.

It is against this background that the verbal displays and insurrectionary riots of the "politics of emptiness" are taking place. And this means, that, whatever the lack of direction of its proponents may be, they play a part, and an increasingly important part in the complex, many-leveled war between the forces of Communism and the forces of freedom. To the degree that they disrupt the civil order of the United States, as the radical Negro movement is increasingly doing, or corrode national determination in such confrontations as the Vietnam war, as the New Left is doing, they serve objectively to weaken the forces resisting Communism and therefore to tip the balance in favor of the forces of Communism.

So far, the objective circumstances. But what of the subjective developments of this "politics of emptiness"? Nature abhors a vacuum, and where there is emptiness, something is sure to fill it. The powerful form of opposition to Western civilization in the twentieth century is Communism. The question remains whether a violently oriented movement of opposition, which has no steadying ideological direction, can, in the circumstances of the world today, preserve its ideological emptiness from infiltration and domination by Communism. It is true that the Communist Party of the United States (as well as the various Marxist splinter groups) was reduced in the Fifties to a very low estate. But Communist parties (for example, the Communist Party of Yugoslavia in the Thirties) have been almost destroyed before and recovered to positions of great power. The Communist Party in this country is still weak, compared to its strength in the Thirties or in the heyday of Henry Wallace's Progressive Party. But it is rapidly gaining strength—and gaining it specifically in symbiosis with the radical movement I have been discussing.

That the Communists have been re-emerging has been apparent for some time, if one reads carefully the reports of various left-wing actions. The measure of their recent successes within the broader movement, however, has been most effectively summed up, I think, in a recent article in the *New Republic* (Feb. 13), "The Communist Party Today," by a Berkeley graduate student, Michael Miles. While Mr. Miles attempts to minimize the significance of the Party's influence within the radical movement, his reportage makes clear how much it has grown in the last few years, especially in the last year.

Mr. Miles reports that the membership of the Party is double what it was in 1960 and that its growth is particularly marked among the young. He points out the increasing influence of the Party in various left-wing undertakings, such as last April's Spring Mobilization against the war and the San Francisco Bay Area Alliance for Black Unity. Most interesting, however, is his description of the Party's role in last summer's National Conference for a New Politics—a role that has been hard to dig out of the many accounts of that strange political gathering.

The Party," Mr. Miles writes, "demonstrated an impressive capacity to function coherently amidst the random motion of the NCNP cloud chamber. . . . While black Communists were influential in the Black Caucus in preventing it from walking out on the convention altogether, white Communists pressed for acceptance of the caucus' thirteen demands, which included 50 per cent representation in convention voting and condemnation of Israel's role in the Middle East war. The Black Caucus did not leave the convention and the whites accepted the demands."

Beyond Mr. Miles' estimate of growing Communist strength and influence, however, his article is also interesting for the light it throws on the relationship of that growth to the contemporary radical movement and to its ideological and organizational emptiness. The Party's "major breakthrough," he writes, "has been the Left's acceptance of the 'principle of nonexclusion'—nonexclusion of Communists in coalitions organizing in the peace, anti-draft and black freedom movements." This, on the one hand. On the other hand, Mr. Miles makes clear that its ideological emptiness is wearing on the New Left, that there is a demand for more content, and that that content is beginning to be Marxism—an outcome that should not be surprising.

Wherever there has been a vacuum in radical movements in the twentieth century, Marxism has filled that vacuum ideologically and the Communist Party has filled it organizationally.

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Behold Behemoth, Merit Scholars

RUSSELL KIRK

MICHIGAN State University, East Lansing, from which your servant holds the degree of bachelor of arts, now has more than 40,000 students. I have fallen into the habit of calling this institution Behemoth University.

MSU boasts of another unique distinction, in addition to having attracted the largest undergraduate population in the world: the only university curriculum in packaging. That's right: wrapping packages, large or small. This is the second most popular major on campus, and the professors of packaging rejoice in the tenancy of two enormous new buildings. You can major in porous packaging, or in non-porous—really, friends.

Kirk

Also Michigan State has for its president a burly chickenologist, Dr. (*honoris causa*) John Hannah, who is chairman of the United States Civil Rights Commission, incidentally. So far as I know, Mr. Hannah is the only university president accused of having made a million dollars through land speculation involving a conflict of interest with his presidential responsibilities. A million dollars is a big package. Michigan's attorney general is investigating Hannah and some of his lieutenants.

SOME members of MSU's governing board demand that Hannah retire; and, indeed, he is past the formal retirement age for the MSU faculty. But he sits tight. The man who rides the tiger dares not dismount. Seasoned Michigan newspapermen suggest that if Hannah abdicated, "all sorts of things would come out of the woodwork." It may seem prudent to sit, chicken-like, on those university files.

Mr. P. J. May, chief financial officer of MSU, is in trouble deeper than even President Hannah's. This veteran comptroller, the Michigan press has discovered, bought a tract of land near the University; borrowed more than $1 million from a bank which lends great sums for the perpetual construction programs of MSU; erected a sumptuous office building and promptly rented two floors of his palace (for $100,000 a year) to a business-machine firm which does a half-million dollars' worth of business with MSU annually. Also he has rented space, most profitably, to the telephone company; MSU has big telephone bills. And some years ago, to erect another office building, he borrowed nearly $200,000 from an insurance company which sold much group insurance to his university. No conflict of interest?

WHILE moralists fulminate, MSU continues to seek to enroll practically everybody. (With every new freshman, the price of land in East Lansing rises higher.) But don't think that Behemoth desires merely dullards. There's a place on the Friendly Campus for even National Merit Scholars. When the National Merit Scholarship program commenced, not a single National Merit Scholar made MSU his first choice as the institution of higher learning in which he would like to enroll. (This commentator pointed out that unpalatable fact at the time.) Undismayed, MSU proceeded to buy National Merit Scholars, after the fashion in which football players are acquired.

After all, it's only public money. Recently a young lady of my acquaintance was awarded a National Merit Scholarship—and ever since has been rushed by the canny administrators of MSU. "Michigan State practically tried to bribe her to go there," reports her father—who happens to be a professor. "All the techniques of Madison Avenue are being used to make second-rate schools like Michigan State appear academically respectable."

I have in hand one of the bulletins which Behemoth sends to Merit Scholars, urging them to visit the campus and to spend four years there. Among the attractions for hesitant Scholars are "a panel of MSU students with the 'straight scoop' about how State really is." Also these young folk are promised "a detailed tour of the campus—happily, by a bus we'll provide, so you won't need to walk."

"The most disturbing thing about the Michigan State appeal," says the professor mentioned above, "is their promise to the National Merit Scholars that if they come to MSU, they will be put in a special program for honor students which does not require them to work hard. Their theory seems to be that since these students have unusually high intellectual capability, they can graduate with a minimum of effort. . . . The authorities at MSU place external quantitative appearance above internal qualitative development. Instead of seeing that superior ability carries with it higher responsibilities to develop talent, and therefore putting their honors students in programs which would work them harder than average students, they make graduation the supreme good and hold out the promise of a guaranteed degree to lure the National Merit Scholars to four years of ease on their campus.

AND OF COURSE they have succeeded in luring more of such students to MSU by such an appeal than to any other school in the country. This is their real purpose—to boast to the world that more National Merit Scholars attend Michigan State than any other institution. What a piece of irony!"

Double pay, less work, and the splendid success story of John Hannah to inspire Merit Scholars! What budding genius wouldn't condescend to wrap non-porous packages, with such a prospect before him? And when you have that bachelor's degree, Merit Scholar, buy land—as close to the campus as possible. The only reason why one enters college, or administers a university, is to make money, isn't it? If you so conduct yourself, the state will heap honors upon you. You may even be made chairman of the Civil Rights Commission.

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A Family Tale

JAMES BURNHAM

Fortunately this is a good-natured book; it would otherwise be impossible—though no doubt much of the vulgarity is more put on than real. I have gathered that among the classic masks assumed by Jews in dealing with the zig-zags of destiny is The Clown. It is in this guise that we meet Podhoretz at the beginning of his Preface, and often thereafter until the very last page. "Let me introduce myself. I am a man who at the precocious age of thirty-five experienced an astonishing revelation: it is better to be a success than a failure. Having been penetrated by this great truth concerning the nature of things, my mind was now open for the first time to a series of corollary perceptions, each one as dizzying in its impact as the original Revelation itself. Money, I now saw (no one, of course, had ever seen it before), was important; it was better to be rich than to be poor. Power. . . . Fame. . . ." and so on. *Ridi, Pagliaccio*. . . The reader, hearing the raucous sound from the broadly painted mouth, realizes that the shy heart behind that mask beats only for the lofty values of the spirit, caring not a fig for success, money, power and fame—though these are there for the plucking. No one, surely, would be so ungenerous as to give any but this reverse interpretation to the apotheosis hymned in the final chapter, where the transfigured Podhoretz ascends to, yes, Paradise Island, there to sit, or rather loll, at the right hand of Huntington Hartford while two white-coated cherubim vie "for the privilege of depositing a Bloody Mary into one's hands."

Making It may be considered a supplement to Stephen Birmingham's *Our Crowd: The Great Jewish Families of New York*, contributed by Horatio Alger in modern dress. Ragged Dick Podhoretz, a poor but honest lad from Brooklyn, with the help of an elderly schoolmistress (Mrs. K.) who taught him manners, makes his way across the tracks to Manhattan ("one of the longest journeys in the world"). There, at Columbia, he brought himself to the notice of two kindly professors, Lionel Trilling and Moses Hadas, who, with the cooperation of various of his classmates, taught him the Key to the City: "to comport himself as a reasonable facsimile of an upper-class WASP."

***Making It*, by Norman Podhoretz. Random House, $6.95**

HE WAS DULY REWARDED—by the anonymous granters of grants who in our time take the place of the kindly millionaire—with a scholarship across the sea, where he was apprenticed to the critics' critic F. R. Leavis, at Cambridge. On his return he was adopted by "the family"—the branch of "our crowd" that made it not in merchandising, clothing, investment banking, communications or real estate but in the New York literary-intellectual industry. "Of course [Murray Kempton's] metaphor of a Jewish family runs into certain difficulties of its own, for several core members (Dwight Macdonald, Mary McCarthy, F. W. Dupee, William Barrett, Elizabeth Hardwick, John Thompson, James Baldwin and the late Richard Chase) and a few kissing cousins (Robert Lowell, Ralph Ellison, John Berryman, Kempton himself, Michael Harrington, Robert Gorham Davis, the late James Agee, and the late William Troy) were not Jewish at all." (I was myself a non-kissing cousin for a decade or so prior to the year when all family members were required to take the oath of allegiance in the anti-McCarthy army.) "Nevertheless, the term 'Jewish' can be allowed to stand by clear majority rule and by various peculiarities of temper . . .; and the term 'family' by the fact that these were people who by virtue of their tastes, ideas, and general concerns found themselves stuck with one another against the rest of the world whether they liked it or not (and most did not), preoccupied with one another to the point of obsession, and intense in their attachments and hostilities as only a family is capable of being."

Among Podhoretz' listings from three generations of the ruling majority: Philip Rahv and William Phillips (editors of *Partisan Review*, "the main family magazine"), Sidney Hook, Lionel Trilling, Meyer Schapiro, Harold Rosenberg, Clement Greenberg, Paul Goodman, Leslie Fiedler, Irving Howe (founder of *Dissent*), Daniel Bell, David Bazelon, Bernard Malamud, Irving Kristol, Alfred Kazin, Saul Bellow, David Riesman, Nathan Glazer, Robert Warshow, Barbara Epstein (co-editor of the *New York Review*, the new New Leftish family organ), Susan Sontag, the late Elliot Cohen (editor of *Commentary*), the late Delmore Schwartz and Isaac Rosenfeld.

The nature and history of the family, and Podhoretz' rise into its upper circle, are the chief subject-matter of this book. Since this is indeed one of the great and influential families—a lot more influential than most of the multi-millioned families Birmingham writes about—and since Podhoretz is both an insider and almost as bright as he tells us he is, this book is very well worth the reading.

THE DIMENSIONS of American society have multiplied since Horatio Alger's day. His heroes used their wits, talents and luck to make their fortune in business, America's business then being assumed by everyone to be business. In the neo-Algerian success story, *Making It*, the hero is also, or says he is, out to make his fortune, and does so; *Making It* has its genre's happy ending, with our hero editor-in-chief of *Commentary*, published by the *New York Times* and invited to a do at the White House, though it points to heights still ahead to scale, toward which the book is itself designed, so the author declares, as a boost, "a frank, Mailer-like bid for literary distinction, fame and money all in one package." Well, Ragged Dick would have understood at least the money part. ➔

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Podhoretz is very bright and his book very well worth reading, but it is also very thin, really, and terribly provincial. The target at which so vast a professed intelligence and ambition are aimed is almost ludicrously narrow: to be a recognized family critic and editor and pull a certain amount of cash and fame out of the commercial publishing world. Nothing wrong with that, certainly. But still there are other potentials—though you could hardly suppose so from this book, which tells of the New York literary and intellectual scene, or rather of the family and family-connected portion of that scene, as if this were the world, were *all* the world. Not only is there no mention of any region of America outside greater New York, or of any American activity other than writing, publishing and teaching; there are not even metaphors or images drawn from the sights, sounds and smells of American life. In fact, there is little concrete imagery of any sort; we are presented with the abstract population of an abstract landscape.

TRUE, LIFE in the family does not encourage a positive interest in America, as Podhoretz' text amply indicates. "A sense of hopelessness as to the fate of American culture at large. . . ." "The [family's] style took its bearings not from any American tradition of letters. . . ." "When the family spoke of itself or was spoken of as 'alienated,' the reference might be to any number of things, but the deepest thing of all was this: *They did not feel that they belonged to America or that America belonged to them.*" (N. P.'s italics.) "Far from entertaining the notion that its work was part of a battle for the soul of America which had a chance of eventually being won, the family thanked God (as it were) that it was surviving at all in so inhospitable a climate, and devoted much of its energy to protecting itself from the surrounding American world." "But if not to America, then to what did the family think it belonged? Not certainly, to the Jewish people. They, of course, were universal men." "Universal"—that is to say, abstract in an abstract world.

Podhoretz was not a native-born son of the family, and, as the objectivity of many of his comments on it suggests, has never been wholly absorbed by it. But its flavor inevitably rubbed off on his psyche.

There are two brief exceptions to what I have said about the book's thinness. Interrupted by a draft notice while mounting the first rungs of his ladder, he went off to the Army for the statutory two years. Though he resented the break in his program for making it, and hated the first months, those Army experiences did seem to push his semantic nose into a certain amount of reality. We can see and hear a few non-universal men he met in the Army, and feel several experiences. And a couple of the schoolboy episodes with Mrs. K. are also real. I don't think Podhoretz is going to get quite the sum of distinction, fame and money he expects out of this present book. But those flowers in the asphalt hint he maybe will from a novel some day. He ought to get out and see the country. He might find something to write about.

On Man-Made Tightropes

ISRAEL M. KIRZNER

STUDENTS of what Mises has called the hampered market economy have long been familiar with a superficially curious circumstance. The hamperings and tamperings of well-intentioned economic policymakers seeking to protect the nation, or the world, from the crude consequences of the unplanned market turn out to have a disconcerting propensity to generate unforeseen problems, often of astonishing gravity. The very benevolence of intent of the policymakers, however, helps to stamp as absurd, in the public mind, anyone with the ill grace to suggest that these problems owe their origin to these interventions. In fact, we so often find, those responsible for the new set of problems are themselves solemnly charged with the task of their resolution—a task viewed as yet a further effort at removing the crudities spawned by the anarchy of the free market. The all too familiar result is a succession of ever widening ripples of economic and social problems, an ever increasing demand for the services of government economists and the steady advance of encroachments on individual economic (and other) liberties.

As serious contender for the distinction of being the foremost postwar economic problem of this *genre*, must surely be counted the "balance of payments problem." Few economic problems have captured both the imaginations and the headlines of newspaper editors as has that of the balance of payments of the leading Western nations. Since the end of World War II, even the casual follower of events has watched in fascination as payments crisis has followed crisis; he has, heart in mouth, marveled at the valiant attempts of heroic economists and central bankers to grapple with dollar shortages and dollar gluts, to thwart currency speculators and to man the dykes against alarming gold leakage; he has gravely pondered the earnest pronouncements and exhortations of prime ministers and presidents. And it goes without saying that he has learned to take as a matter of course a wide range of restrictions on his own freedom of action, in the name of measures to solve a payments crisis.

And yet, as Rueff demonstrates here with admirable clarity, the payments terrors that have beset the treasuries and central banks of the Western world are but the easily understandable consequences of deliberate policies, usually inflation of the domestic money supply in conjunction with a host of measures to plug the normal channels of readjustment in the foreign exchange markets. A casual reader might perhaps be forgiven, therefore, for suspecting that behind the solemnly-worded subtitle of Rueff's book—"Proposals for the resolution of the most pressing world economic problem of our time"—there lurks a tongue well in cheek. Closer

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***Balance of Payments*, by Jacques Rueff; translated by J. Clément. Macmillan, $5.95**

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scrutiny, however, assures the complete seriousness of Rueff (and surely his publishers must be counted above suspicion). The subtitle attests not to Rueff's irony, but to the unfailing courtesy and patience with which he appraises the problems grappled with by his opponents (and, no doubt, his profound and lively concern at some of the "solutions" being widely proposed). Rueff is tireless in attributing to his adversaries superior intelligence, superb clarity of exposition, and shining nobility of purpose. The tenacity with which he controverts their conclusions is made all the more effective by the gentleness with which he exposes their fallaciousness.

JACQUES RUEFF, eminent French economist and financial authority, veteran participant in the central bank and treasury affairs of his country, has collected a series of his writings over the years on the subject of international monetary economics. Except for two essays addressed primarily to theorists (and having less bearing on exclusively international problems), the volume consti-

tutes a unified lesson to the layman on the spontaneous equilibrating processes of the free market at the international level, as well as on the wasteful futility of direct government efforts at controlling the components of the balance of payments accounts. The lesson is driven home with endless patience, with lucid expositions of theory skilfully intertwined with a wealth of illustrative material from first-hand observation of financial history, and with much repetition (the last being not entirely unnecessarily apologized for in the Introduction).

It is by no means necessary to subscribe to the somewhat intricate details of Rueff's argument in order to concur heartily in the over-all message of the book. It might seem perhaps too much to expect those refusing to recognize the power for corrective adjustment embodied in market forces at the domestic level to comprehend their operation in the international sphere. The illusion of omnipotence over economic affairs entertained by governments—an illusion which it may be considered a function of economic science to dispel—is apparently particularly sweet at the level of international exchange. The result has been a steady expansion of state control over the activities of individual citizens, as tourists, as businessmen, and as investors.

Rueff emphasizes the responsiveness of trade to the forces of the monetary sectors of the market, whether under the gold standard or under a system of freely fluctuating foreign exchange rates. Further, he demonstrates how, in the absence of out-and-out regimentation of all facets of economic activity, governmental measures to control disbursements of currency to foreigners are likely to prove abortive. There is no need, Rueff argues, for artificial adjustments to be imposed upon capital movements in order to offset a trade imbalance; on the contrary, the pattern of trade can adjust sensitively to capital flows. All the payments problems that have vexed postwar governments can be attributed to "monetary perversions" of one kind or another; a return to sound money, he insists, will once again set into motion a spontaneous equilibrating machinery. The alternative, we are warned, is "totalitarian disciplines, without which no planning can achieve results."

Rueff is well aware that much of what he is saying is well known, in principle, even to his opponents. "Bear it in mind," he remarks (concededly in a lecture delivered in 1933), "that all courses in political economy teach that balances of payments are assured and maintained in constant equilibrium as a result of exchange and price phenomena." The trouble, he continues, is that "though everyone is familiar with the teaching, no one believes in it." This volume will do more than merely convince the reader that at least one eminent French economist *does* believe it; it seems dangerously likely to convince them, furthermore, that this economist is right.

From a Lost World

HUGH KENNER

IMAGINE A WORLD in which the following things can happen:

—A man occupied full time with ameliorating the life of the mind in England (this courtesy valued by the said mind, through its free market, at exactly £42/10 for fiscal 1914-5)

***Pound/Joyce: The Letters of Ezra Pound to James Joyce, with Pound's Essays on Joyce*, edited with a commentary by Forrest Read. New Directions, $10**

interrupts his struggles with the opening cantos of the century's one long poem to attend to the penury of another man attempting in Zurich to get on with a book called *Ulysses*: with this interim result, that after 48 hours' frenzied wire-pulling Mr. Pound was empowered to ask Mr. Joyce if he wanted a job in the censor's office.

—Further effort on Joyce's behalf having brought Mr. (later Senator) W. B. Yeats, the apologist of Queen Maeve, into correspondence with Mr. (later Sir) Edmund Gosse, the biographer of Swinburne, the latter, as Fafner of the Royal Literary Fund,

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objected that Mr. Joyce (as for that matter Mr. Yeats) had placed on record no definite statement of loyalty to the Allies.

—To help meet a bill for operating on Joyce's eyes (synechia and glaucoma) Pound "offered for sale some old Spanish manuscripts. Autographs of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, dated 1492."

—The printer (1916) of a book of poems called *Lustra* set in type the line "the gilded phaloi of the crocuses," but emended "phaloi" (from *phalos,* a helmet-spike) to a similar word more familiar to him, and then demanded of publisher and author the deletion of the poem.

—In New York Judge Augustus Hand, ruling for the suppression of the magazine in which *Ulysses* was being serialized, conceded that free expression could be countenanced in the Greek and Latin classics because they had few readers.

—Returning to the question of Mr. Joyce's poverty, Mr. Pound hinted that a little carpentry would effect economies. "I have made most bits of furniture save beds, one MUST buy beds."

—The nerves of the impecunious eminent were tried by a telegraph service which, fed some intelligible desperation in Zurich, disgorged in London a Delphic "Cable Quinn confrin or remit you telegraphically nothing here remitting—Joyce." (We shall never know what this meant. By the time Pound's frantic letter arrived Joyce was too ill to reply.)

THERE WAS SUCH A world once, remote now as Angkor Wat, and it contained also Arthur Waugh, who excoriated in the *Quarterly Review* "anarchy" and "red ruin." Tokens of this ruin he exhibited at some length, and lest this act offend he adduced the "classic custom" of displaying "a drunken slave among the sons of the household, to the end that they, being ashamed of the ignominious folly of his gesticulations, might determine never to be tempted into such a pitiable condition themselves." Critic Waugh's concern for family tone can be gauged. He had a son named Alec and a son named Evelyn. They were impressionably young. The principal drunken slave on display was T. S. Eliot, whose offense had been to write "Prufrock."

The tone of that time has never been better conveyed than by the book Forrest Read has made of Pound's letters to Joyce and statements on Joyce, all in chronological order, 1913 to 1945, with a running commentary that keeps tactfully out of the reader's way. Most of the letters have never been published and most of the essays and reviews never reprinted.

To tell the story that way is to have learned from Pound how to tell things; a critic of a previous generation would have Written a Book, introducing quotations as he went. Indeed a number of such books, for instance Ellmann's on Joyce and Norman's on Pound, have already made the principal facts not wholly unfamiliar. But there is no substitute for immediacy, for the sheer display of benevolent energy conveyed by the tireless firing off of letter after letter, or for the way an age is characterized by the tone a man adopts in addressing it.

". . . The great writers of any period must be the remarkable minds of that period; they must know the extremes of their time; they must not represent a *social status*; they cannot be the 'Grocer' or the 'Dilettante' with the egregious and capital letter, nor yet the professor or the professing wearer of Jaeger or professional eater of herbs." So Pound in 1918, when it was not only necessary to distinguish Joyce from a Bennett or a Shaw, but to bring home to intelligent readers how inextricable was the repute of a Shaw or Bennett or Wells from a knowledge of his social whereabouts.

For one knew, reading them, from precisely what sector of the London world one was being addressed, and in what accents, and in accordance with what unspecifiable presuppositions to shape one's understanding of each sentence. Shaw's brassy rationalism was precisely a cheeky dissent from cherished values, and it was acceptable, and hugely rewarded, because Shaw played an understood game. Shaw consented to be an Irish rationalist, given to rational (hence comic) social diagnoses, and rational (hence comic) beliefs concerning food (vegetables) and clothing (Jaegers).

Taste, in short, was social; to read a man's book was to admit him, metaphorically, to one's circle, on a clearly defined understanding concerning his role and behavior. Henry James understood this well and so did Eliot, and their literary work was inextricable from a carefully assumed camouflage. Their subject being a world that exacted such camouflages, they mimed its requirements and ventriloquized its expectations.

POUND, ON THE OTHER hand, was never assimilable because never locatable: physically in London but identifiable with no London role (Anarchist? Poseur? Bard? Scholar? Publicist? —the direction-finders yielded utterly contradictory fixes). Joyce's work in the same way emanated from no fixable center. As to where he was, he was in Zurich, but who was he and what was he? No one knew (and we still worry over the question).

Hence the dreary round of refusals, the rows with publishers and printers, the insularity of reviewers. And since it was Pound who circulated the manuscripts and dealt with the editors and challenged the reviewers and mobilized the counter-reviews, Pound's utterances of the time display what was going on as no narrative reconstruction can. The things Pound thought it necessary to tell people reveal the nesciences of those he was writing for; the outlines of his strategy define the forces and salients against which strategy was needed.

For he and Joyce experienced the difficulties a couple of intelligent Martians would have encountered, trying to break into the intellectual world of those years. Though objection kept reverting to alleged indecencies, these were merely the objectors' talking points. Items of naturalistic detail assumed the importance they did because minds whose preconception prevents them from grasping wholes will always fix on detail. Cape's reader Edward Garnett could not grasp *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* whole. It contained, he found, many "longueurs," it was "discursive, formless, unrestrained," it wanted pulling into shape, much pruning, and total overhaul of the final pages, where there was "a complete falling to bits."

Garnett, fool though he now seems ("canting, supercilious blockhead," exploded Pound at the time), described what was really troubling the other publisher who rejected the *Por-*

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trait as "very clever but too naughty for me to publish," or the reviewer who felt that Mr. Joyce "would really be at his best in a treatise on drains." No one could *locate* the book, because no one could "place" its author.

POUND'S STRATEGY was to recruit what he called "the party of the intelligence," the party to which we all like to feel we belong nowadays, and locate with reference to that party an idealized Joyce. This Joyce, defined by extrapolation from the books, he conceived as a disinterested, "European" intelligence. In 1920, in Sirmio, in the same room for the first time, he was to meet another Joyce, the *père de famille,* and his mail brought him emanations from yet a third, the one we meet in the three volumes of Joyce letters, whose interminable, exquisitely modulated complainings assailed continually everyone whose address Joyce possessed. Pound took the complaints seriously and beat on doors for money, but his answer to one of those ululating letters ("My Dear Job: You will establish an immortal record . . .") shows him discounting the personality they delineated. And rightly; it was irrelevant to the books.

It was relevant, however, to Joyce's way of conducting his affairs, and once the complaining Joyce had determined that Pound's usefulness to him was diminishing he shrugged loose the role in which Pound had cast him and turned his attention to useful Parisians. So the "disinterested" Joyce of the "party of the intelligence" faded out of existence, to be replaced by the Joyce of *Finnegans Wake.* Of *that* Joyce Pound was tolerant ("I thoroughly approve of Mr. Joyce making experiments; he is at liberty to dine in restaurants I dislike") and critical ("three decades of life have been lived since he began writing; of the last two he has learned almost nothing").

THEY GREW INTO old friends seldom meeting, with little in common except a shared past increasingly remote: a past again vivid to us who never knew it, now that diligence has brought between covers what passed between them in that now unbelievable world. In that world a reviewer thought it relevant to instruct Mr. Joyce concerning several products of Irish Catholic schools who had "nevertheless become most conventional citizens of the Empire." It was for Mr. Joyce to take stock of their example. One of them was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Frenetic Quest for the 'Trendy'

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

IF THERE'S ONE THING more galling than being blamed for one's faults, it's to be praised for them. All right-minded Englishmen (among whom, on this occasion at least, I count myself) writhe when they're told what an exciting place Britain has become lately, so much better than the stuffy old Britain of former days: and they writhe most of all at the dread words "Swinging London."

***A Swinger's Guide to London,* by Piri Halasz. Coward-McCann, $3.95**

Consider what happened just recently. Mick Jagger, the leader of the Rolling Stones pop group, had received a jail sentence for illegal possession of drugs. On appeal he escaped with a conditional discharge. The Court rocked with applause. After giving a press conference, Jagger was whisked away by helicopter to a secret rendezvous (which was actually the garden of a stately home owned by the Lord Lieutenant of Essex), and there, in a special television program, the whole evening's schedules having been hastily rearranged to accommodate it, he was solemnly, almost reverently, interviewed by the Editor of the *Times,* a well-known Jesuit intellectual, the Bishop of Woolwich (wearing a flower tie for the occasion), and a former Home Secretary.

This ludicrous spectacle, which might have been the invention of some latter-day Dean Swift scarifying the follies of his time, was an all too accurate epitome of modern Britain. Is it any wonder that some of us feel like exiles in our own country? My reaction to praise of "Swinging London" is perhaps not dissimilar from that of a Russian emigré when he hears fatuous liberals prating about the benefits which Communism has brought to Russia.

SWINGING LONDON wasn't invented by *Time* Magazine. There had been several previous articles on the same theme—I even wrote a couple myself. But it was *Time* which somehow fixed the concept as part of the Western world's contemporary mythology. Miss Piri Halasz, a *Time* staffer who was involved in that notorious cover story, has now given us the benefits

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of her research in the form of a neat little volume called *A Swinger's Guide to London.* The blurb, I'm sorry to have to tell you, describes it thus: "Here is the go-go mini-guide to the new swinging London of today, essential for every traveler who wants to taste the delights of a great world capital that has kicked off its sensible shoes and traded in its tweeds for vinyl."

Handbooks of this kind, even when their *raison d'être* is less provocative, are always apt to cause hilarity among the natives. Most of the factual errors which provoked derision in the *Time* article have been corrected, but Miss Halasz has managed to add some new ones. She will doubtless be grateful if I point them out.

The drama critic of the *Observer,* Ronald Bryden, has become Ronald Dryden, but we'll assume that's a printer's error. Miss Halasz warns Americans not to name-drop carelessly, because their London hostess is liable to say: "Oh, do you know Barbra Streisand? We got to be quite good friends when she was here in *Funny Girl,* because she and I took our dogs to the same veterinarian." But no Englishwoman, swinging or not, ever used the word "veterinarian." Miss Halasz also tells us that the phrase "She's a bit of a slang" is current, but she doesn't really tell us what it means; which is a pity, since it's completely new to me. Old estates, she informs us, may be "entailed, or, as the saying goes, 'in consols'"; but that saying not only goes, it went—around the turn of the century, I'd guess.

Ah well, the differences between English and American are notoriously tricky, so let's pass on to something more straightforward. Where, for instance, is the bookshop "in the alley behind Peter Jones' department store on Sloane Square"? I can't find it. And what makes Miss Halasz think that "Britain's next elections" will be in 1969? The next General Election doesn't have to be until 1971, and on present form Mr. Wilson seems unlikely to be in any hurry.

When she says that English telephone operators are "infinitely more cooperative than American telephone operators," this is, I suppose, a matter of opinion—but her view is a startlingly unusual one. When she tells the swinging visitor that even his London friends will be impressed if he manages to hear a major debate in Parliament with "a Cabinet Minister at the top of his form," she must simply be unaware of the contempt in which Parliament and politicians are now held by most Britons.

She says "usually it's all right to smoke at dinner"; which personally I don't think it is. And, urging Americans to ingratiate themselves with their impoverished British hosts, she says, "You're always entitled to reach for the bill at someone else's club"; which you're certainly not, though far be it from me to inhibit Miss Halasz if she likes to buy me lunch some time.

She gets the newspapers wrong, of course. Everyone always does. Of the two columnists she recommends most highly, one is dead and the other retired a year ago. The editorial column in Saturday's *Daily Mail,* is, she tells us, "considered a key example of contemporary English humor"—but I can't imagine by whom, except possibly the editorial writer of the *Daily Mail.* She describes the *Times* as a Conservative paper, which it isn't and hasn't been for a long time; and she doesn't mention that the *Observer* and *Punch,* both of which she recommends, have become journals of the quite far Left.

But we mustn't be unkind. Miss Halasz also gets a lot of things right. "Working-class," she announces gleefully, "is 'in'. . . The proletarian image is in the ascendancy," but conscience compels her to warn American visitors that they won't really want to frequent proletarian dives or buy Carnaby Street clothes "designed for the limited bankrolls of youthful bank clerks." Much of the information she gives in her more restrained moments would be genuinely helpful. The trouble is that her more restrained moments run so quickly into burbles like this: "The kind of thing that's terribly trendy is going to a football game on Saturday with a stadium full of cloth-cap workers or stopping to chat with an elderly gypsy by the side of a country road."

You, dear reader, since you have a copy of NATIONAL REVIEW in your hands, are not Miss Halasz's sort of person. You are not engaged in a frenetic quest for what's trendy. When you cross the Atlantic, it will not be in search of pseudo-American "swingers" and meretricious clothes and a proletarian sub-culture in which the worse is deliberately preferred to the better. It will be tweeds, not vinyl, for you. Never mind; Miss Halasz's book may still be of value, in the same way that a critic can be useful if his taste is so exquisitely and consistently bad that you know you will dislike whatever he likes and like whatever he dislikes. At one point Miss Halasz even provides us with a list of "out" places—the swinger would not be caught dead, for example, staying at Brown's Hotel or eating at Boodle's or the Athenæum (which she rather oddly describes as "Lunch Clubs"). So we know where to stay and where to have lunch.

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She lists many of the vulgar and loathsome shops which you will wish to avoid. Come with me instead. Buy a pair of superb hand-made shoes at Lobb's, an umbrella from Brigg's, a bowler hat from Lock's (where they still call it a "Coke"), a suit from Anderson and Sheppard, a bottle of port from Berry's (where you can see the big grocer's scales in which Beau Brummel weighed himself). None of these names, I promise you, appears in Miss Halasz's book. And after dinner at White's or Brook's or Boodle's, let us take a stroll through London, keeping well away from Carnaby Street and the King's Road and the blare of discothèques. It will, I hope, be an autumn evening, with the pavements damply sticky and a halo of mist round the lamps and gleams of mysterious light between drawn curtains—Sherlock Holmes weather. And, as we walk, we can dream of better days when Britain was still herself and London stood as four-square and unswinging as the Portland stone of which it's built.

Movies

Should Have Opened in New Haven

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

CATEGORICAL STATEMENT: all movie spectaculars are too long. Show me a flick with an intermission and I'll show you a director who should have added another million to the million already on the cutting room floor. Nearly two decades ago, when Sacha Guitry filmed three centuries of Versailles history (guess who played *le roi soleil*?) in three hours, a critic commented that he had contrived to make three hours seem like three centuries. Since then movies have been getting ever longer, ever more pretentious. So, alas, *Camelot.*

What was on Broadway a bright, high-stepping, fast-paced, tuneful bit of nostalgia, with a touch of magic inspired in equal parts by the book and score of Lerner and Loewe, the direction of Moss Hart, and entrancing performances by Julie Andrews, Richard Burton and Robert Goulet, is brought back on the wide-angled screen, bigger but not better, longer but not stronger, stripped of those touches in T. H. White's *The Once and Future King* that inspired Lerner and Loewe in the first place to turn their attention to that fleeting wisp of glory that once was Camelot.

Not that Joshua Logan's screen version hasn't dozens of splendid moments. But his *Camelot* is unnecessarily heavy on social significance; his handling of the adulterous situation is long-drawn and ponderous (we most of us got the point even in Malory), and lots of the camera work is pretentious. You can't blow up a face so that it doesn't fit on a 28-foot-high screen (well, it looks that big) and conceal the fact that actors, even if they are portraying the mythical Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere, have enlarged pores and sweat—yes, they sweat, just like the simple folk do.

The colorful, highly stylized medieval costumes of the stage show have given way to homespun (I guess it's homespun). Arthur and Guinevere are clad in what you might call regal informal, undoubtedly much closer to

Random Notes

● BOOKS: The spring lists fill the mailbox; here goes. . . On the right we find a handsome dust jacket with Barry Goldwater, Ronald Reagan and Wm. F. Buckley Jr. neatly Mt. Rushmored; it surrounds M. Stanton Evans' *The Future of Conservatism* (Holt, May, $5.95). . . . Buckley's *The Jeweler's Eye: A Book of Irresistible Political Reflections* contains short pieces from all over, hitherto uncollected (Putnam's, June, $6). . . . Devin-Adair offers *Max Rafferty on Education* (April, $5.95). . . . That article in *Esquire* is expanded into *McCarthy: His Side of the Story* by Roy Cohn (New American Library, April, $5.95). . . . Joan Didion, *NR* contributor, examines the various new life styles available these days in *Slouching Toward Bethlehem* (Farrar, April, $4.95).

● MORE BOOKS: And on the Left? It looks creaky. International Publishers, the CPUSA outfit, has a charmer in *A Soliloquy on Viewing My Life from the Last Decade of Its First Century,* by the late W. E. B. DuBois ($10); also for long-title fans is *Look Out Whitey! Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama!* by Julius Lester of the former SNCC (Dial, July, $3.95). . . . Then we have James Baldwin's new novel, *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone,* from the unpublished Tennessee Williams play of the same name, or was it? (Dial, June, $5.95). . . . The oxymoronic Miss Baez tells us about herself in an autobiography, *The Sad Carnival* (Dial, August, $4.50). . . . And who can survive without Sherli E. Goldman's contribution to next fall's Marboro ads, *Mary McCarthy: A Bibliography* (Harcourt, April, $4.50)?

● YET MORE BOOKS: For history buffs, we notice *The Last Men of the Revolution,* as interviewed and photographed in 1864 by Rev. Elias B. Hillard (Barre, June, $6.95). . . . R. W. Thompson claims that the second go-round at El Alamein wasn't really necessary, and that Churchill built Monty up to hero proportions to boost British morale, in *Churchill and the Montgomery Myth* (M. Evans, May, $5.95). . . . Full story of a fascinating calamity is found in *The Johnstown Flood,* by David G. McCullough (Simon & Schuster, March, $6.95). . . . Recent events in the Middle East have prompted re-publication of Barbara Tuchman's *Bible and Sword,* all about the Balfour Declaration (Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95).

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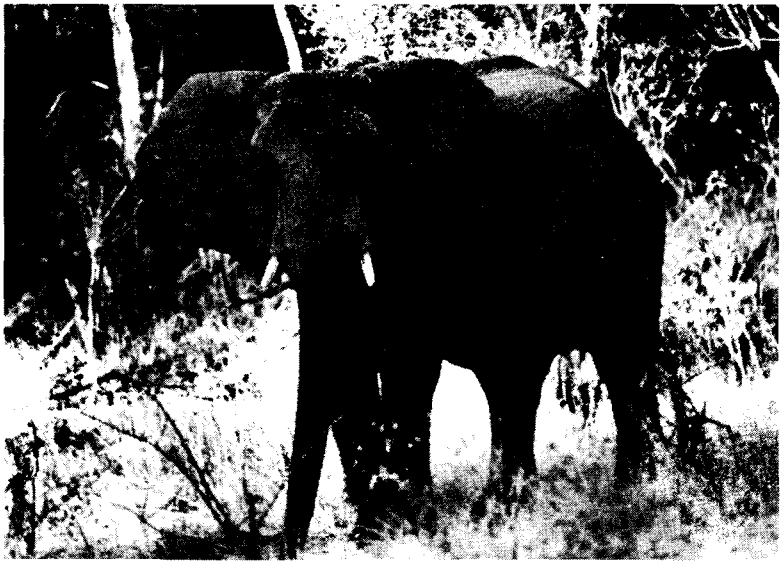

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what was actually worn at the time than in the Moss Hart Broadway version, but again, some of the magic is lost. There is a touch of uncertainty about the direction of *Camelot* as if the producers couldn't decide whether to make it plain fable, magic, the romantic stuff of Tennyson's *Idylls*, or to recreate the rough and barbarous England that was the England of Arthur's day. And in this uncertainty the day, that could so easily have been won, is lost.

WHICH IS A SHAME. The beautiful score is there and the scope for its display widened in transfer from stage to screen. The actors are first-rate. Franco Neri's (Lancelot's) rendition of "C'est Moi" is hilarious, a tribute to male egotism, deserving a *summa cum laude* in any league. David Hemmings, the evil Sir Mordred, Arthur's illegitimate son who destroys the Round Table, perverts the knights, brings about Lancelot's exile, Guinevere's disgrace and Arthur's death, plays his part to perfection. There is nothing, but nothing, likeable about him. (As Guinevere says, "He is bound to marry well—everyone is above him.")

But here again there has been a change for the worse from the Broadway version in which Roddy McDowall played Mordred and was shown perverting the knights in the amusing "Fie on Goodness" and "The Seven Deadly Virtues," both songs dropped in the movie. At the point of Mordred's arrival on the scene, the gear has shifted. From now on *Camelot* is going to be tragic, by gum, so poor Mordred is consigned to unleavened evil. David Hemmings plays him that way (but Roddy McDowall was more fun). The stickiest wicket of all is assigned to Richard Harris as Arthur, a character so good, so high-minded, so generous that a less accomplished actor would have been torpedoed by the role. Unmitigated goodness can be unmitigated boredom. As it is Richard Harris comes off better as the dignified and sorrowful king of the final scene who knows he is being betrayed but chooses not to acknowledge it, than as the gay-hearted stripling who meets, woos and marries Guinevere. And who so fortunate as to meet Vanessa Redgrave's Guinevere wouldn't woo her, and having wooed her, marry her, and having married her put up with her lover rather than lose a single instant of

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her company?

What is it that makes Vanessa Redgrave's performance so electric? She's no beauty. Her face is too long, too thin, too impassive in repose; she's a big woman, too big. But the miracles she can perform with that face and body. Moods—anger, pity, sympathy, love, joy, laughter, impishness, despondency—chase each other across that Gothic countenance like light on a prism, and like light on a prism, draw all eyes. She can be in turn lighthearted as she romps with the courtiers through "The Lusty Month of May," sentimental ("What Do the Simple Folk Do"), heartsick over the betrayal of Arthur, tragic. And in each part, convincing. She deserved a better showcase, as did Harris and Neri and Lerner and Loewe. It's too bad movies haven't the equivalent of the out-of-town opening. *Camelot*, and we, would have been the happier for it.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TRAFALGAR, compiled and edited by Stuart Legg (John Day, $4.50). This book is advertised as a film editor's attempt to apply his techniques to the printed word. It differs from the traditional documentary history in two ways—the documents, or excerpts from them, are shorter, and the margins are wider—but in essence a documentary history is what it is. Some annotation would be useful, especially on the question of naval tactics, and I am a little in doubt as to the audience for which the book is intended, but the story is a good one and loses nothing in being told by the participants. To say that it gains nothing in this presentation, though possibly just, for the most part would be uncharitable, since at least it will necessarily gain wider circulation. Nonetheless, it is a bit odd for a film editor to produce a book whose illustrations are only an adjunct (sometimes a dubious one) to the text, and there is at the back of my mind a doubt whether this publication is not after all a collection of working notes for a documentary of Trafalgar. As such, it whets my appetite for the film, but it is unsatisfactory to dine on hors-d'oeuvres. J. C. LOBDELL

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (Feb. 13)

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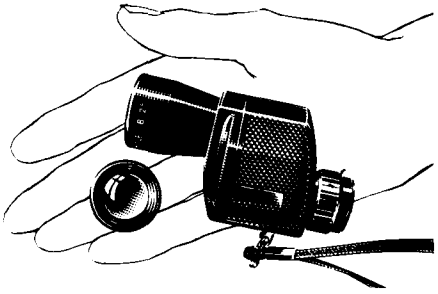

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

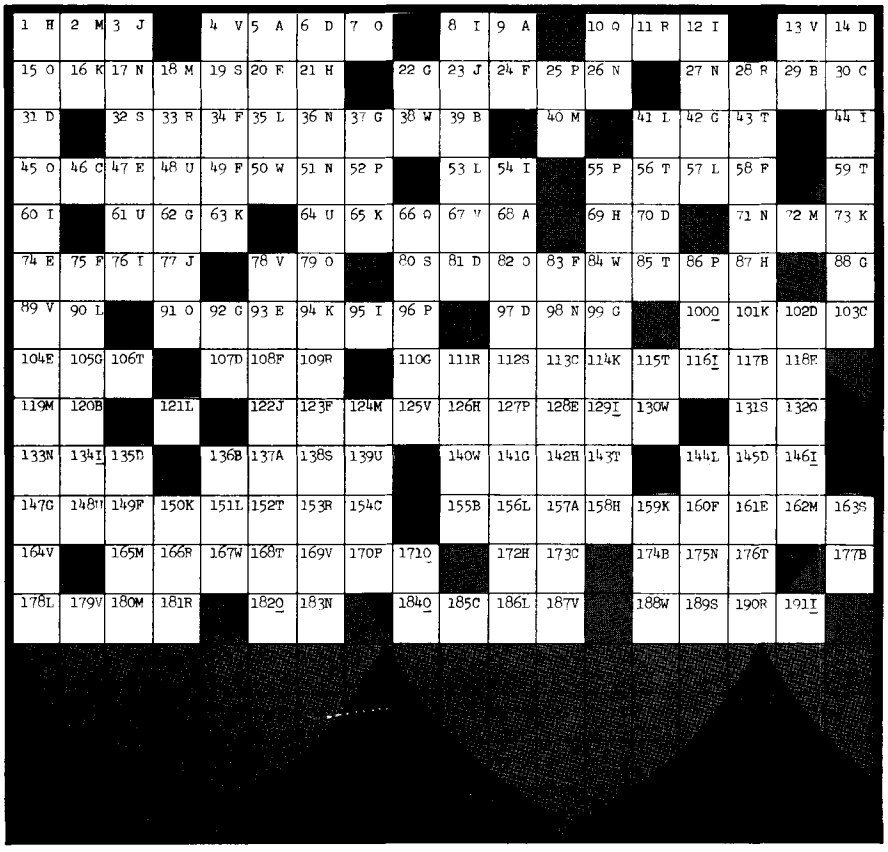
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A person who makes deceitful pretenses	9 5 137 157 68
B. A person who practices deception	29 155 136 117 177 174 120 39
C. Anything deceptive	46 103 113 173 154 30 185
D. A criminal who was hung in the old days	81 6 14 31 145 102 97 107 135 70
E. Insincere speech-making intended to please the constituents	93 20 118 47 104 128 161 74
F. Tied	123 24 34 75 149 108 160 49 58 83
G. A type of feeding	147 22 88 105 110 37 42 62 141 92 99
H. Joseph Conrad's tale of an imaginary state in South America	158 126 21 1 87 172 142 69
I. Entertainment that attracts customers for drugs and cure-alls	191 12 44 116 76 95 60 129 54 134 8 146
J. Frenchman who worked for benefit of the deaf and dumb	3 122 23 77
K. Double-dealing	16 101 150 94 65 114 73 159 63
L. A large body of water	53 35 57 151 121 144 156 178 90 186 41

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One who pretends to more knowledge or skill than he possesses	72 2 162 124 18 40 119 165 180
N. Period following quitting time for which some workers get paid and some don't	98 27 133 36 51 175 183 17 26 71
O. An individual organism belonging to a genus of microorganisms of the family Treponemataceae	184 15 91 182 100 171 7 45 79 82
P. The shop or wares of a dealer in textile fabrics	55 25 127 96 86 170 52
Q. A newt	66 132 10
R. A large, California food fish	109 11 153 181 166 33 190 28 111
S. Decisive confrontation	138 189 131 32 112 19 80 163
T. To combine, one with another, as threads, strands, etc.	59 106 115 143 152 43 168 50 85 176
U. Robert Burns told it to "flow gently"	61 64 139 48 148
V. Ill-considered or ill-prepared	89 169 67 125 4 78 13 164 179 187
W. More precipitous	140 188 38 50 167 84 130

See page 201 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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PRIDE'S PROGRESS: *The Story of a Family of Lions*, by Emmy Haas (Harper, $5.95). A careful (and delightful) record in photographs and text of the behavior of a lion family on an island in the Bronx Zoo over a period of several years. Lions, alone among the cats, live socially in a family group or pride. Since they have not been observed over sustained periods in the wild, Miss Haas' intensive lion-watching contributes new information about their behavior. The general reader will be intrigued by the personalities of Charlie and Princess and their litters of lively cubs—individualists all. Charlie, surprisingly affectionate as a father, is also surprisingly observant; on one occasion he craned his neck and finally got up to have a good look at an unusual sight—a zoo visitor carrying a baby papoose-fashion in a sling on his back. The similarities to their domestic relatives and the unexpected divergencies are superbly caught in this photographic and verbal portrait of their faces and attitudes.

E. MERRITT

PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES, by Shirley Hazzard (Knopf, $4.95). A few years back, Miss Hazzard received critical kudos for a collection of short stories entitled *Cliffs of Fall*. She was, everyone seemed to think at the time, a writer of acute insights, of perceptive sensibility. Now, she has transgressed; she has criticized the United Nations. In this new collection—a series of short stories built around a single theme and place—she writes cleverly and as perceptively as ever about the cloying conformity of bureaucracy. The author is well equipped to write about the "Organization," having worked at the UN for ten years. Her barbs are prompted, therefore, more from concern than from any great enmity. Nevertheless, the picture of the glass house on the East River that emerges from her collection is that of an organization without direction and—more importantly as Miss Hazzard sees it—without humanity. She writes humorously and sadly of the vast international bureaucracy where employees speak of their children learning to "verbalize" rather than to speak and of meetings of committees for the Forceful Implementation of Peace Treaties. J. REAL

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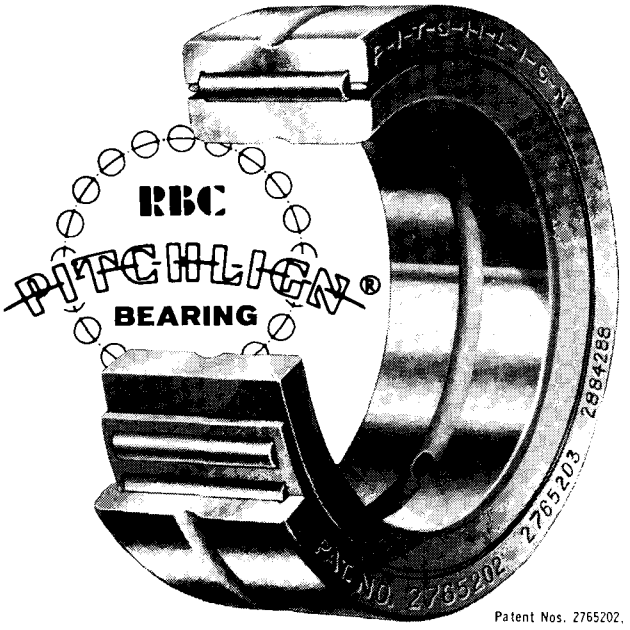

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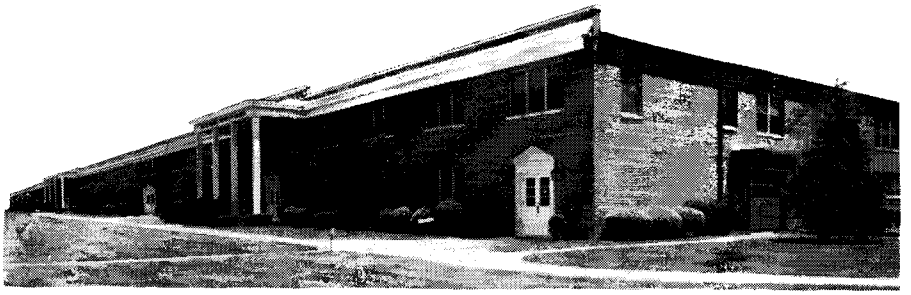

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LUNN

(Continued from p. 190)

had a genuine contempt for what he believed to be the intrinsic silliness of their political philosophy but also because he disliked the particular form of cant which the religiosity of egalitarianism produces. His way of life was a refutation of the egalitarian fallacy that those who believe in the desirability as well as the inevitability of class distinctions are happiest when mixing with the highest society. He had "a degree of detachment from the world" which involved complete detachment from society in the normal sense of the term, and he was happiest in the company of those who shared his supreme interest, the Catholic Faith.

STRAUSZ-HUPE

(Continued from p. 182)

of the Communist bloc: insofar as the Western Alliance has denied the Soviets further gains in Europe, and the United States has barred East Asia to Red Chinese encroachment, the United States and its Western allies have been the true authors of the Sino-Soviet split. The Communists can do many things: but they can no more live in peace with one another than they can live in peace with the rest of the world. They can "coexist" with one another only so long as they can cooperate with one another in foreign conquests—and divide up the loot. This is why the principal objective of the Soviets' Strategy of Indirect Approach has been the dissolution of the Western Alliance. This is why the faltering of the Western Alliance now opens up new avenues for Soviet political warfare. This is why growing Western disunity must lead inevitably to an intensification of the cold war. The hopes placed upon a "relaxation of tensions"—the détente between the West and the Communist states—are idle hopes. These hopes would be justified if the free countries, instead of relaxing their pressures upon the crumbling Communist system, would strengthen their unity and thus contain the aggression of the world revolutionaries. Unfortunately, the cracks within the structure of the free world are even wider than those of the Communist edifice. The prognosis must be not only for the continuation but also for the intensification of the cold war.

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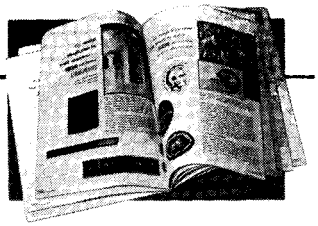

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Vietnam and Partisan Politics

ON THE Right

Paris, Feb. 8—Chaos in Asia argues at so many points the failure of Lyndon Johnson's foreign policy, two photographic symbols of which appear on the front page of the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune.* On top is the picture of a hasty execution. "Brig. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, Chief of South Vietnam's National Police, executes a captured Vietcong officer. 'They killed many Americans and many of my people,' said General Loan after he had slain the guerrilla with a pistol bullet." The guerrilla, hands behind his back, wearing a checkered shirt, tilts his head slightly to one side, as if to deflect the bullet that is about to hurl out of a pistol held four inches away from his head. What is the matter with Saigon security that such guerrillas as these should, in the fifth year of war, be able to kill "many Americans and many of my people"?

And then, at the other end of the page, a picture of a desolate soldier, his face lined with grief, carrying the corpse of a little girl with a face like a madonna's. And the caption: "Warrior's welcome home. A South Vietnamese officer carries the body of his child, executed with the rest of his family by the Vietcong who over-ran his home in a military compound while he was leading his troops against guerrillas in Saigon street fighting." We haven't the strength to secure every little hamlet in South Vietnam from the enemy, but how can we fail military compounds within the suburbs of Saigon in which little girls live?

"The Soviet Union and other Communist countries"—the UPI is summarizing the annual message by the Defense Secretary on the state of American defenses—"have been increasing their military and economic aid to North Vietnam. Such aid may have totaled $1 billion for last year alone, he said." And, the same day from Reuters: "Kosygin Boasts [Vietcong Uses] Soviet Weapons." Elsewhere, it is speculated that our military victories have, paradoxically, hurt us: because they have had the effect of shortening the supply routes. You see, if we had been less victorious in the field, then the Vietcong would have had further to go in order to maul us. As it stands, having pressed their major units back towards the seventeenth parallel, our own forces are taking terrible blows from the massed strength of the enemy which has only a little distance to travel before hitting us. There is talk that our installation at Khesanh, where five thousand U.S. Marines are all but isolated, will become another Dien Bien Phu.

And another item in the news: Red China will possibly succeed next year with a medium-range missile. The Chinese ran into certain technical difficulties last year, but it is expected that they are fully overcome, and that indeed the Chinese will have an international missile system by the mid-70s. And completing the day's news, the North Koreans announce that they have no intention whatever of negotiating the release of the *Pueblo* or of its crew. Had enough? One supposes that the American people have.

It would seem clear that 1) the failure of the U.S. Government to interdict the flow of material to North Vietnam from the Soviet Union is perhaps the major act of masochistic sentimentality in the postwar period. The estimates are never any lower than 60 per cent and they go as high as 95 per cent of the Soviet contribution to the material effort of the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong. If Lyndon Johnson's reasoning is correct that bombing the North is justified, then it is also correct to bomb the harbor of Haiphong and prevent the delivery there of the hundreds of thousands of tons of material being used against us, so effectively; 2) the notion that the Communist world is so fractured as to render impossible joint action against us is a demonstrated myth. It doesn't matter in the least whether in fact the leaders of the Communist states meet together in order to concert against us: in fact they do. The North Vietnamese, the Chinese, the Russians, the North Koreans: all of them are applying pressure against us in triumphant disregard of our scholarly demonstrations that it cannot be so; 3) the wait-and-see policy on Red China is not bringing us the relief we sought from the nightmare of a Red China armed with hydrogen bombs and a delivery system.

We put off and off and off the day when we must face the consequences of a Chinese veto power on any American effort whatever, calculated to help oases of freedom in the Pacific. Well, the Republicans are trudging the snows of New Hampshire. They are telling us that it is time for a change, but that they do not desire to make partisan politics out of the Vietnam war. What utter baloney. What other way is there to relieve ourselves of the current leadership? □

PENALTIES FOR TRAVEL? *Berne,* Feb. 13—The great events in the Far East naturally dominate the news in Europe but there is, concerning them, a spirit of fatalism, which is not freighted with anti-American odium. Too many European powers, too recently, have been too overwhelmed by events, to bring them to share America's innocent faith in the efficacy of the national will. France lost Indochina, and then Algeria. And for that matter, France lost France, twice in seventy years. One-half of Germany is still subjected, 23 years after the death of Hitler. The sun has permanently set on the British Empire.

So there is an undercurrent of sympathy: but none at all concerning President Johnson's unfolding program for preventing Americans from coming to Europe. The meanness of his proposals and the sheer indignity of their enforcement may very well be costing American prestige more among the people of Europe than the reversals in the Far East.

There is, to begin with, the philosophical contradictions. For years and years we have been saying at every opportunity that the peoples of the world should get to know each other better. We have had people-to-people, English-speaking unions, cultural exchanges, Fulbright scholarships: travel has become a part of the ethos. Suddenly, the United States announces, at one and the same time, that a) Americans should stop traveling to Europe; and b) that Europeans should increase their travel to

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America. The sheer psychological inanity of the twin statements is itself arresting. Europeans have their pride. Why should they invest their savings in travel to a country which proposes to punish those of its citizens who wish to travel in Europe?

And what is a European to think about a country like the United States whose citizens permit their government to inflict such a humiliation upon them? It isn't as though Americans were Englishmen, who officially gave up pride when the queue became nationalized after the Second World War. America has a gross national income which in a few years will amount to a trillion dollars. It is proposed to deprive Americans of a part of their independence—to travel unencumbered—in order to save $500 million that would otherwise be spent abroad. A nation which accepts such humiliations for such very low stakes is not one which remains sensible to the joinerwork of liberty. If the United States can tax overseas travel, it can in effect forbid overseas travel. And the complications inherent in such a law should at least double the size of the income tax form, causing it to resemble an application form for work in the CIA, or that blue monster of the Census Bureau which demands to know how many toilets you have.

The Europeans say it's protectionism, and the hell with it. They are dead right, that is exactly what it is. Once again, the Johnson schizophrenia; lower tariffs, and tax travel. The Europeans to be sure live in glass houses. But the United States is supposed to act bigger than most European nations do. Granted our size, our strength, our traditions, it is we who should be taking the initiative in reducing tariff barriers, in fortifying our freedoms. But Mr. Smoot-Hawley in the White House, who has gotten terribly accustomed to telling people what to do, is now prepared to repeal, by other means, what progress we have made in lowering tariff barriers.

Last week the British Broadcasting Company denied to an American tenor, Mr. Richard Cassilly, a role in *Aida*, on the grounds that, sniff, there were plenty of qualified British tenors. That, in the land that suckled Adam Smith! Once again, perhaps one can say concerning England that she has no alternative (though, in fact, she has). But concerning America? The national copper strike cost America more dollars used to buy foreign copper than will be saved under the pending act of tyranny. But will President Johnson propose a reform denying to labor unions the right to strike an entire industry?

Well, the proposed act has not yet passed in Congress. We shall have to see how it is handled there. In Europe, it is automatically assumed that anything President Johnson desires, he gets from his Congress. The Europeans are too nearly right for comfort. □

IS THERE A LAST STRAW?

New York, Feb. 6—It is increasingly difficult to work up public indignation over outrage as long as it is committed by a labor union. In the past few years in New York City labor unions have closed down newspapers and killed off three of them. Labor unions have shut down ships at sea, closing off passenger and freight traffic. Labor unions have grounded airlines, or most of them, leaving passengers the option of flying either to Toronto or to Detroit, but nowhere else. The labor unions have shut down the schools, all the schools, in violation of laws which it is the supposed purpose of the schools to preach obedience to. The labor unions have shut down public transportation, causing something very like a closing of the entire city. The labor unions struck the taxis, and violence was inflicted on the independent operators who declined to join in the strike. New York's severest retaliation against these strikes, some of them illegal, others merely convulsive, economically, socially, and culturally, was three and a half days in jail during the Christmas holidays for Mr. Albert Shanker, the leader of the teachers' union, during which he is said to have run out of tea and crumpets on the third day, resulting in a weight loss of three and one-half ounces.

Buckley

I remember three years ago arriving at a television station and meeting at the elevator Professor John Kenneth Galbraith, all six feet five of that eminent intelligence, who always gives the impression that he is on very temporary leave of absence from Olympus, where he holds classes on the maintenance of divine standards. We rode up the elevator and met Billy Rose, the impresario, rich, famous, a little cranky, and (if my memory serves) Dick Gregory, the amiable but extremely touchy Negro comedian. It was opening night for a new talk show hosted by David Susskind, and the gimmick was a Sony-sized television, set on a swivel, which would face whichever member of the panel the questioner, who spoke a half-mile away, from Grand Central Station, was addressing his question to.

Now gentlemen, Mr. Susskind explained, there has been a jurisdictional question between the unions here on the question which union has the responsibility for turning the knob at the control booth which swivels the television set towards the guest being questioned. So, when a question is asked, the person the question is directed to should get up from his chair and run quickly toward the chair opposite the television, exchanging places with whoever is sitting there.

To this day—I cannot believe it!—we all received our instructions as dutifully as if we had met at the rim of Mt. Sinai to receive there from our transfigured Maker eternal commandments concerning our future behavior. I dimly remember an evening spent jumping up from my chair and passing Mr. Galbraith running at sprintspeed from his chair to occupy mine, diving into the empty chair, panting, and attempting a suave answer to the lady or the gentleman from Grand Central Station who little knew what heroic physical exertions were involved in situating the guest in front of the little screen.

I do solemnly believe that if the Queen of England has asked Mr. Galbraith or Mr. Rose or Mr. Gregory or myself, to make such asses of ourselves in order to indulge her imperial pleasure, we'd every one of us have said: Madam, go jump in the royal lake. But not so the labor unions. You treat them as fatalistically as a fog, a drought, or a hurricane.

The other day a colleague of mine, a lady of bright disposition and middle years, went to her garage to fetch her car, only to find the garage doors closed and her car interred inside. A strike. She asked the doorman of the apartment building to raise the garage door, but he informed her that the striking garage attendants removed the spark plugs from the machine that hoists the doors, so that there was no feasible way to lift them. I spoke of "her garage" intending to be precise. She owns her apartment and, accordingly, a part of the garage which is a part of the building. So that *her* car was being detained in *her* garage against her will, and if you think that big brave courageous law-abiding people-loving John Lindsay is going to utter one word of reproach to the labor union, let alone dispatch a unit of policemen to wrench open the garage door and restore a citizen's rights, you are a romantic, and a patriot, and out, out of this crazy world. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Democratic National Chairman **John Bailey** apparently thinks **Richard Nixon** is going to be the GOP candidate this year. Nixon is the only contender Bailey attacks in public speeches; attacks on this level: "There's no 'new' Nixon, only a retread of the old slasher of the Fifties." . . . Chances are **Nelson Rockefeller** will make one more appearance for **Romney** in New Hampshire—early in March—and use occasion to try to squelch the Rocky write-in campaign. . . . Moving up in Republican Vice-Presidential sweeps. Ohio Gov. **James Rhodes**, a fiscal conservative who is palatable to liberal wing of party and, incidentally, controls the hefty Ohio delegation. . . . Moving down in popularity in New York State, Sen. **Robert Kennedy**. Private poll shows only 36 per cent would vote for him if he were running for Senate this year (as against 51 per cent two years ago). Reasons given by RFK's constituents: too arrogant, too ambitious, too ruthless.

■ **Everett Dirksen**'s hand strengthened by **Chuck Percy** announcement that "my choice for Illinois' favorite son is Everett Dirksen." Percy made statement while once again disclaiming any interest in Presidential or Vice-Presidential bid. . . . Other senatorial races: **Wayne Morse** scores one plus, one minus. On downbeat, vigorous campaign by **Eugene McCarthy** followers in Oregon bound to cut into Morse's financial support. McCarthy is even dovier than Morse. The plus: Announcement by Sen. **Lister Hill** (D., Ala.) that he is retiring means Morse will move up to chairmanship of influential Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee—a good campaign talking point. . . . In California **Jesse Unruh**'s problem is this: a question of **Rafferty**, sí, **Kuchel**, no. Unruh would like to take on Max Rafferty, but he won't know for sure whether Rafferty will beat out incumbent Republican Sen. Thomas Kuchel in the primary until June 4, and Unruh will have to announce if he's running for the Senate early in March. . . . In New York, Rep. **Otis Pike** says he'll run against **Jacob Javits** (if he wins nomination) on a "basically conservative platform." Javits, meanwhile, has urged Republican organizations in N.Y. not (rpt) not to make any deals whatsoever

International Herald Tribune

"Dr. Spock? I need your advice. . . . No, no, not about Vietnam"

at all with the burgeoning, blossoming, muscular young Conservative Party of New York.

■ Major shift in North Africa. French sources reported **Algeria's trade** with the Soviet Union nearly quintupled in 1967. . . . Pro-British leaders in newly-minted **South Yemen** likely to suffer fate of pro-French politicians and militiamen in Algeria. The new leaders of South Yemen announce they will try "the lackeys of feudal oppression," most of whom, happily, made it to safety before HM's troops moved out. . . . More than 2,500 Katangese gendarmes have drifted across the border into the Sudan since December and asked asylum from Col. **Mobutu**'s vengeance, according to an Agence France Press report from Khartoum. . . . **Egyptian officials** confirm their tourist business has fallen off 67 per cent since the June war (that would mean a loss of $100 million a year). Suez Canal toll loss is estimated at $250 million a year, but much of this is made up by direct grants from other, richer, oilier Middle Eastern states.

■ Sen. **McCarthy** got support of ADA last week (as expected) and (also as expected) lost support of California's Peace and Freedom Party (PFP) for failing to urge instant withdrawal from Vietnam. Commented *New America*, paper of the Socialist Party: "Without PFP, a liberal peace candidate like Eugene McCarthy could continue to maintain his antiwar pose. . . . with a real antiwar campaign going on, such liberal fakery is no longer possible." . . . Newest Presidential boomlet, is a peace ticket proposed by Georgia legislator **Julian Bond**, to be headed by **Dick Gregory** (whose hat beat **Harold Stassen**'s into the ring) and, you guessed it, Dr. **Benjamin Spock.**

■ Yankee-lovers: Frenchman **Claude Despuech**, who walked into a Geneva Bank a fortnight ago with 2.2 pound gold bar, and cashed it in for $1,126.62 U.S. Treasury bill because "I want to express in a tangible manner that I disapprove of de Gaulle's anti-American policy," and **Alfred Barrs,** of Kent, England, who sent the U.S. Embassy in London a check for $240 (one hundred pounds) because "everywhere you go people have it in for America—after all they've done for us."

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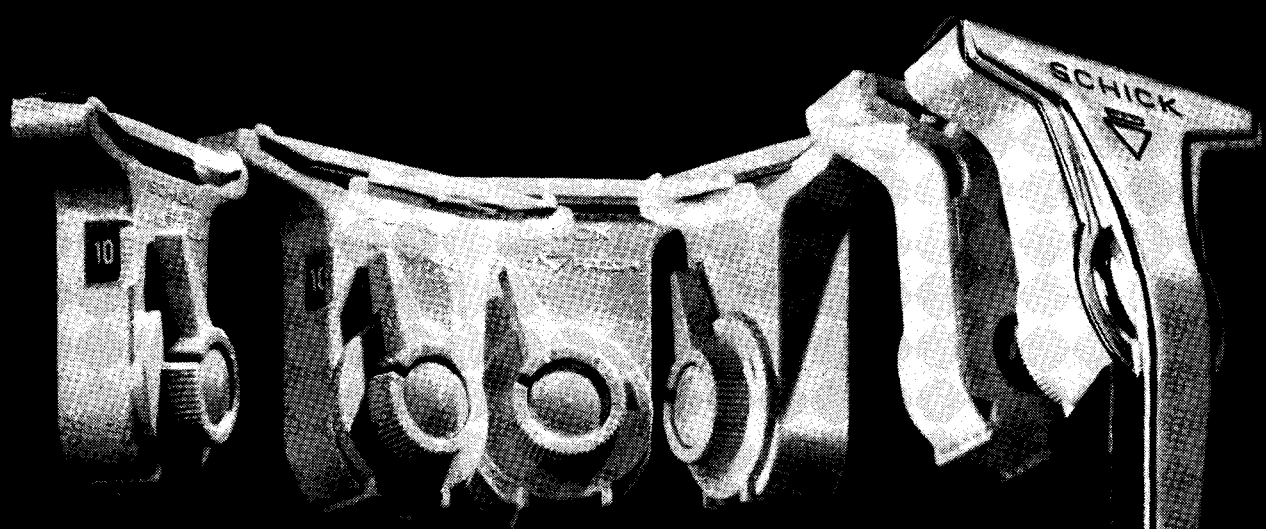

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